

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ST. LOUIS CONVENTION

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OUR GALLERY OF STATUES.—II.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY: A MAN WANTED AND FOUND.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
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THE MAN OF THE HOUR.



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The Democratic Dilemma.

GOOD deal of interest has attached to the expressions of the leaders of the sound-money wing of the Democratic party since the free-silver men have obtained practical control of the party organization. It is apparent that a good many of them are troubled and anxious, not only as to the party future but as to their own course of action. What shall they do in the event of the nomination of a free-silver candidate for the Presidency upon a free-coinage platform? Shall they violate all consistency, abandon their principles, and support a candidate and policy which they believe to be full of danger to the country? Some of the leaders, we notice, are already talking of a compromise, and suggesting that, after all, it may be possible to support a candidate in favor of free coinage on the basis of sixteen to one. These gentlemen have, obviously, no real regard for principle, and are prepared to swallow the whole free-silver abomination rather than co-operate with Republicans to secure its overthrow. Others argue that it is the duty of the sound-money men to enter a determined protest at Chicago, and then, failing to make any impression upon the convention, to let the national election go by default. But this, too, is really a surrender of principle. Postmaster-General Wilson, who ranks among the more conscientious leaders, declares unqualifiedly that if the Democracy shall embark upon a crusade against the financial credit, prosperity, and progress of the Union they will cease to be a great national party, and become a small and powerless sectional party wholly unworthy of the public confidence. But what will Mr. Wilson do personally in the event that his party puts a free-silver man at the head of its ticket? He carefully refrains from telling us. And what will Messrs. Whitney, Fairchild, Flower, Hill, Vilas, Dickinson, and all the rest of the representative sound-money men do, actually, if compelled to choose between a free-silver man and a sound-money Republican who is also a protectionist?

It is quite clear that Democrats who have some remnants of conscience are not likely to have a pleasant time of it during the next few months. Some of those who profess overmastering solicitude for a sound financial policy will, we suspect, compromise away their principles when they come to act. There are others, of course, who will stand by their guns and even brace themselves to the point of voting for a Republican. There is one point, however, in

connection with this dilemma of the Democracy which should not be forgotten. The leaders have brought all the trouble upon themselves by their coquetting with the Populist and free-silver delusions in the canvass of 1892. It will be remembered that in that campaign, when the question of alliances with the Populists in the Western States was presented to the consideration of the party leaders in the East, practically all of them acquiesced in the proposition to fuse with this faction if necessary to carry certain States. It is even said that Mr. Cleveland consented to this policy. It was inevitable that the discordant forces thus brought into temporary relations would eventually dissolve, and that even for the time being genuine coherency would be improbable. Presuming upon the concessions made to them, the Populists have ever since that canvass demanded more and more at the hands of the Democratic leaders, and the result is that to-day, in remote Oregon, as well as in some more Eastern States, the Democracy have been practically absorbed by the Populists, who are themselves in full sympathy with the free-silver heresy. The discord and confusion and utter indifference to principle which now menace the party with overwhelming overthrow are largely the result of these conditions. It is impossible to feel any real pity for the men who, in their eagerness for success in the canvass of 1892, made these conditions possible. If Mr. Cleveland and the managers of his last canvass are not now persuaded that they were guilty of a fatal mistake, as well as of disregard of principle, when they entered into their disreputable bargains with the Populists of the Western States, they are vastly more dull of apprehension than they are generally supposed to be.

Mr. Cleveland's Humiliation.

If President Cleveland had shown himself to be a less-pronounced partisan than he has uniformly been he would receive a great deal more of the popular sympathy than is likely to be bestowed upon him because of the humiliation he has suffered at the hands of his party in the controversy over the currency question. We do not remember that any President who has undertaken to maintain a vital principle has suffered a more overwhelming defeat than has been administered to Mr. Cleveland by the silver element of his party. The victories of the free-coinage men in Kentucky and Georgia were the climax of a series of triumphs, each of which was a distinct rebuke as demonstrating that the sentiment of the party on this question was most decisively against him.

The truth is, and the President no doubt realizes the fact, that a great deal of personal magnanimity has entered into this contest on the part of the leading men of the silver party. The Democratic politicians as a class have never liked Mr. Cleveland. Even those who were counted as his friends have never been exactly fervid in their attachment. There were two reasons for this feeling of antagonism. The first was found in his personal honesty of character, and the second in his unwise assumption of superiority of statesmanship and a somewhat insolent contempt for the opinions of men who had ordinarily been consulted as to party policies. These men, many of whom were experienced in affairs, and were recognized in their States as entitled to leadership, could not brook or forgive the indifference, not to say disdain, with which all their suggestions were received. When Mr. Cleveland retired at the end of his first term he left a legacy of unsettled accounts with these men, who were not slow to enforce payment when he came a second time to the executive chair. He won in 1892 in spite of the party bosses, as the result of peculiar tendencies and alliances, and because the people had been deluded into the belief that his election would improve existing business conditions. The result was not in any real sense a party triumph, and his election has in fact proved to be a grievous misfortune to him personally. It compelled him, in the discharge of his official duty, to face afresh the slumbering and concentrated antagonisms of the party, and especially of that section of it which had become impregnated with the free-silver delusion. His stand for sound money aroused the rancor not only of the leaders but of great masses of the rank and file of the party. He was not only fiercely assailed in the Senate and House by the leading representatives of his party, but in all the Southern and Southwestern, and in some of the Northern States, prominent party journals, as well as conspicuous party managers, have seized every opportunity to weaken his hold upon the public confidence. So complete is his desertion by the more able and influential Senators and Representatives that he has been compelled to submit to the humiliation of being defended in his course by men upon whom he has heaped every possible indignity. More recently the activity of his Cabinet lieutenants, sent out into the various States for the purpose of marshaling the party in support of his policy, has deepened the indignation of his enemies, and thus, from one cause and another, he has become the object of a vindictive crusade, whose leaders now exult over his defeat, and declare their purpose to leave nothing undone to make his overthrow absolute and complete.

While all this spectacle of personal warfare upon the President discloses the real inability of the Democratic party to appreciate even a moderate fidelity to official trusts, the general outcome of the controversy cannot be otherwise than a sore disappointment to Mr. Cleveland personally. It shows conclusively that there is not enough genuine regard

for the public interests among the leaders or in the ranks of his party upon which to build a successful propaganda in defense of a vital principle. A party which, in its madness and resentment, deliberately commits itself to a proposition, as this party did in the Senate, to deprive the executive of all power to protect the public credit, is hopelessly decadent. The outcome shows, too, how seriously the President has erred in undertaking to achieve his ends, right and just in themselves, wholly along party lines, and the folly of which he has been guilty, in the face of previous deficits and a growing debt, in rejecting propositions of co-operation and help from the Republican party, both as to the revenue and financial questions. We do not at all question his patriotism, but it must be obvious even to himself that, had he been more broad-minded and less anxious that his party should have all the credit of the maintenance of sound financial conditions, he would stand better to-day in the estimation of his countrymen. As the situation now presents itself, there is no possibility that he will be able to recover the ground he has lost, or that he can rescue his party from the disaster which awaits it when it commits itself unequivocally to a policy which embodies nothing but disaster to all the substantial interests of the country.

The College "Yell."

A YOUNG man only two years out of college is under the treatment of a surgeon in a great city for voice-failure. For many weeks this young man has not spoken aloud, and he is forbidden to attempt speaking for weeks to come. The surgeon's knife has been applied to his vocal chords several times. He is of Titan mould and has a record as an athlete. He has managed somehow to keep up with his business thus far, but his strength appears to be failing, and he will probably have to take to his bed for a few days at least before he can get well.

Upon inquiry it has been found that severe throat troubles, similar to that from which this young man is suffering, are on the rapid increase, and hoarseness and temporary loss of voice, of a different type from the like weaknesses which accompany the old-fashioned "cold," are alarmingly frequent. The surgeon who has been mentioned says that his patient's difficulty, and nearly all of the scores of cases which have come under his notice, have arisen from what is known as the "college yell."

The college yell of olden days was a comparatively simple matter. It was noisy and long-continued, but it did not approach the sustained, complicated, voice-tattering and ear-splitting combination now prevalent. This ebullition, though called, as above, the "college" yell, is by no means confined to educational institutions. Every "scrub" ball-team on every vacant lot, and every "mission band" has its own peculiar war-cry. Even the young ladies have their "ciss-boom-ah!" finales to rhymed yell-prologues, reciting the strong points of their seminaries and tennis-clubs and boating associations. The youth of our land seem to have organized *en masse*, and every organization has its characteristic—shall it be called by so refined a name as "shout"? "Bellow" would be even more expressive than "yell."

Under these circumstances it is not strange that the vocal chords of our young people are suffering, and are even in danger of extinction. The general sentiment is that their outbursts provide a safe and perfectly moral vent for their superabundant animal spirits. People are called cruel who find fault with them—but throat-weakness and throat-abuse lead to dangerous diseases, and must not be allowed to go unchecked.

Experts tell us that at least half of the human race do not breathe correctly. A much larger proportion do not know how to properly utter their words, or, rather, use their voices. Abdominal breathing and the art of speaking through a well-opened throat are rare accomplishments; but the learned say that if our boys and girls would only breathe and shout in the proper manner they could make just as much noise as in the wrong way, and could "yell" from morning till night without any ill effects upon their throats.

The ball-team and the mission band may not find available the instruction and the training which will teach them to "yell" scientifically and without harm, but our schools and colleges should certainly see to it that, since their students are allowed, and even encouraged, to have "yells," they are taught to utter them in the most approved way. Our professors of "elocution and voice-culture" would do well to devote themselves to this department.

Republicanism at the South.

THE recent article in the WEEKLY in reference to the necessity of purifying the Republican party at the South by eliminating the mercenary element which has so greatly discredited it in some of the States has been widely commended. The following letter from the chairman of the executive committee of "the Republican party of Texas" shows how our views on this subject are regarded in that State:

HOUSTON, TEXAS, MAY 22d, 1896.

EDITOR OF THE LESLIE'S WEEKLY:—I desire to thank you heartily for the editorial in the issue of May 21st, 1896, entitled "Why Southern Republicanism Fails."

If the St. Louis convention will act on the suggestions therein contained, it will only be a year or so before half of the Southern States

will be Republican. The spectacle of Republican party officials bartering their influence at every election is common, the price of votes ranging from fifty cents to ten dollars a delegate, to fifty to two hundred and fifty for the chairman. Five hundred dollars was the minimum for the purchasable delegates at Minneapolis.

The loyal Republicans of Texas reorganized the party in 1892, and sent their delegates to the national convention. But they were not seated, because the office-holding and purchasable Southern delegates dictated the nomination of the Presidential candidate and controlled the convention.

We have maintained our organization, and are now again sending a representative body of white and colored Republicans, indorsed by the league organization, by the Republican press of the State, and by the Union soldiers, to confront the same venal element.

It remains to be seen whether "the character, conscience, and intelligence of the party" will be recognized.

Many of the offenders being negroes, the politicians have endeavored to take advantage of the favorable sentiment toward that race that exists North, to make it appear that the reorganized party aimed at the colored people as a race, and have given us the name of "Lily Whites." It is true that we do not consider that a black skin entitles any one to be disloyal to the party, or to be corrupt and avoid the penalty such conduct merits. At the same time, we wish everything to be done that can be for the colored people; we guarantee them representation in proportion to their numbers, and have adopted only such restrictions as are necessary for "wholesome growth."

If you can continue your work of arousing the public conscience until the convention, it no doubt will be of great benefit to the Republican party. Yours truly,
H. F. MACGREGOR, Chairman.

A Fearless Executive.

THERE are Governors and Governors. Sometimes a State is afflicted with an executive whose sympathy is with



HON. ROGER WOLCOTT.

the vicious classes, and who employs his authority for the creation of low and disreputable gangs of party plunderers, as was the case within recent years in New Jersey. In another State we may find an executive who, in his misconception of his official duty, becomes a practical apologist for anarchy, disorder, and lawlessness, putting a premium upon the violation of law, and antagonizing those moral forces which go to strengthen the State. Illinois has suffered from an executive of this character. Then there are executives who are so far lacking in self-respect, and have so low an estimate of the dignities of their office, that they become the willing tools of party bosses, subordinating their personal independence and employing their power in directions which, to say the least of it, are unpatriotic. Executives of this kind are always ready to encourage party "grabs" and enable party bosses to thrive at the expense of corporate or any selfishly importunate interests.

But there are States which are more fortunate, having executives who are conspicuous for conscientiousness of purpose and fearlessness in their discharge of public duty. Massachusetts is in this happy case. The late Governor, who has gone to his rest lamented by the people he served so faithfully and well, was a conspicuous representative of this class of public servants. His successor, Lieutenant-Governor Roger Wolcott, promises to win an equally high place in the public regard by brave and upright performance of duty. He has given, recently, a proof of his mettle by opposing legislation of an improper character. The Legislature, not long since, passed a bill bestowing upon a certain corporation immense grants of power—authorizing it, for instance, to lay pipes in every highway, to engage in the business of making gas of all kinds, for all purposes, by any methods; to buy or lease the property of every existing corporation in the State; and all this without the imposition of any limitations or restrictions whatever in the public interest. Governor Wolcott, called to consider this bill, vetoed it with an emphasis which must have produced a staggering effect upon its projectors. He tells them that legislation of this character is contrary to the public interest and sound public policy; that no corporation should be invested with rights and privileges so exceptional, except upon the very clearest evidence that the public would be benefited thereby. The veto, of course, has effectually killed the measure. But it has done more than that, in that it has afforded a proof that Massachusetts will not permit her sovereignty to be employed for the creation of monopolies which, under the best conditions, would be a menace to the public security, and destructive of that principle of competition which lies at the basis of so much of successful enterprise. There possibly may be some New-Yorkers who will lament that the Empire State has not in the executive chair at Albany a man of equal courage in resisting the aggressions of corporate power and the blandishments of party bosses intent altogether upon the achievement of unworthy personal ends.

THE SHERMAN STATUE AFFAIR—A PROTEST.

"THERE! That's good enough for those savages over yonder. They don't know the difference between a work of art and a barber-pole, anyway."

Thus spake one of the great sculptors of one of the great capitals of Europe to some of his pupils who had pushed to a certain degree of unfinishedness a certain statue which

Senators and Representatives who presume to override the judgment, in a matter of art of the highest importance, of the most competent art committee ever gotten together in this country, as they did in the Sherman monument competition, just closed.

What are the facts in the case? The Army of the Tennessee subscribed and collected sixteen thousand dollars, the Congress appropriated eighty thousand dollars, for the purpose of raising a fitting monument to General W. T. Sherman at Washington. The following committee was organized: General G. M. Dodge, New York; Colonel J. F. Howe, St. Louis; General John F. Noble, St. Louis; Colonel D. B. Henderson, Dubuque, Iowa; Colonel Augustus Jacobson, Chicago; Colonel Cornelius Cadle, Cincinnati; General Nelson F. Miles, Washington; Daniel S. Lamont, Secretary of War.

Did this committee really feel in need of the advice of the greatest sculptors and architects in this country, or did they only pretend to the modesty of admitting that they needed it?

At any rate this committee, through its president, General G. M. Dodge, specially requested the National Sculpture Society—a society which counts among its members the greatest sculptors and architects of the country—to draft a proper competition circular. This circular was prepared by the National Sculpture Society, and, with some modifications, approved and issued by the Sherman monument committee. In this circular it is stated that ninety-six thousand dollars would be available for the monument; that out of this sum must be paid five prizes of one thousand dollars each to the five best designs sent in. It was furthermore provided that a committee of the National Sculpture Society would pass upon the artistic merits of the designs.

The sculptors, lured by these provisions, responded, at



ORIGINAL MODEL OF THE ACCEPTED DESIGN.
(CARL-ROHL SMITH.)

now disgraces a certain large city of this country. Does this country deserve such an indictment?

Yes!

The mere existence on their pedestals of such statues as we see in New York, in Washington, and other cities of the United States, statues which are a disgrace to their perpetrators and a libel on the good taste of the communities which tolerate their continued existence, logically justifies all cultured foreigners in flaunting in our faces such opprobrious epithets as "barbarians" and "savages"—in art matters.

Who is responsible for this condition of affairs in this country? None but those wonderful beings, of which America seems to produce a bigger crop than any, other country—monsters of conceit, egotism, and flamboyant arrogance; "patriots" who know everything about everything—who can give points to a financier and a fish-peddler; to an election bummer and an electrician; to a scullion and a sculptor, and still beat them at their game. Yea! even though the specialists spent fifty years of painful toil in their chosen profession!

What shall be said of these omniscient committees with hydrocephalic brains? Language fails.

What shall be said, finally, of our Senators and Congressmen—our great legislators—who for years have stood callously by while that Italian mountebank and unclassifiable decorator, Brumidi, slowly desecrated with a horrible frieze the interior of the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and allowed him to defile the finest dome of the sublimest building on earth, instead of calling in the artistic skill of Americans—infinitely superior to that foreigner with a "pull"? No wonder foreigners spit upon us and call us barbarians.

And it is these same



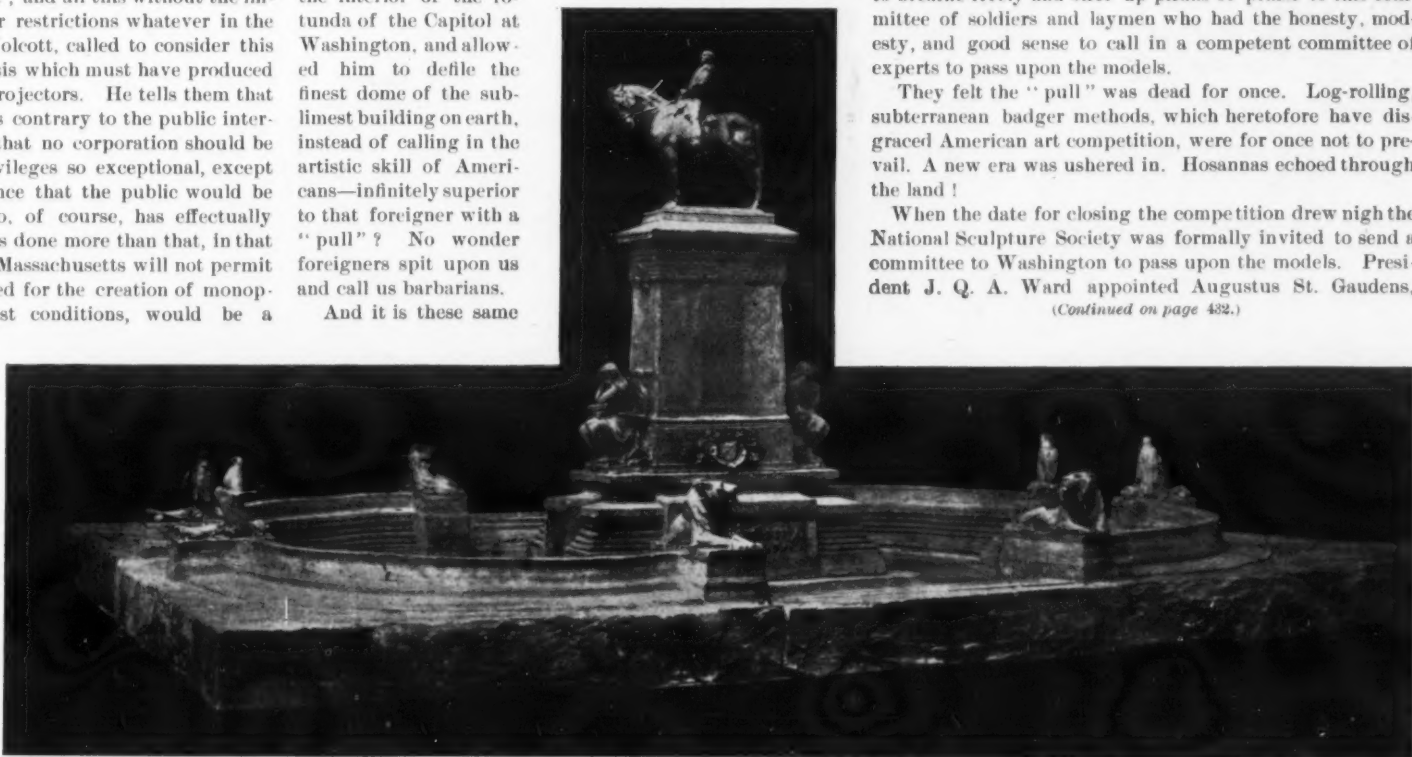
CHARLES H. NIEHAUS'S MODEL.—Photograph by C. Bilordeaux.

great expense and labor, to the number of twenty, with twenty-three models. The artists all over the country began to breathe freely and offer up paeans of praise to this committee of soldiers and laymen who had the honesty, modesty, and good sense to call in a competent committee of experts to pass upon the models.

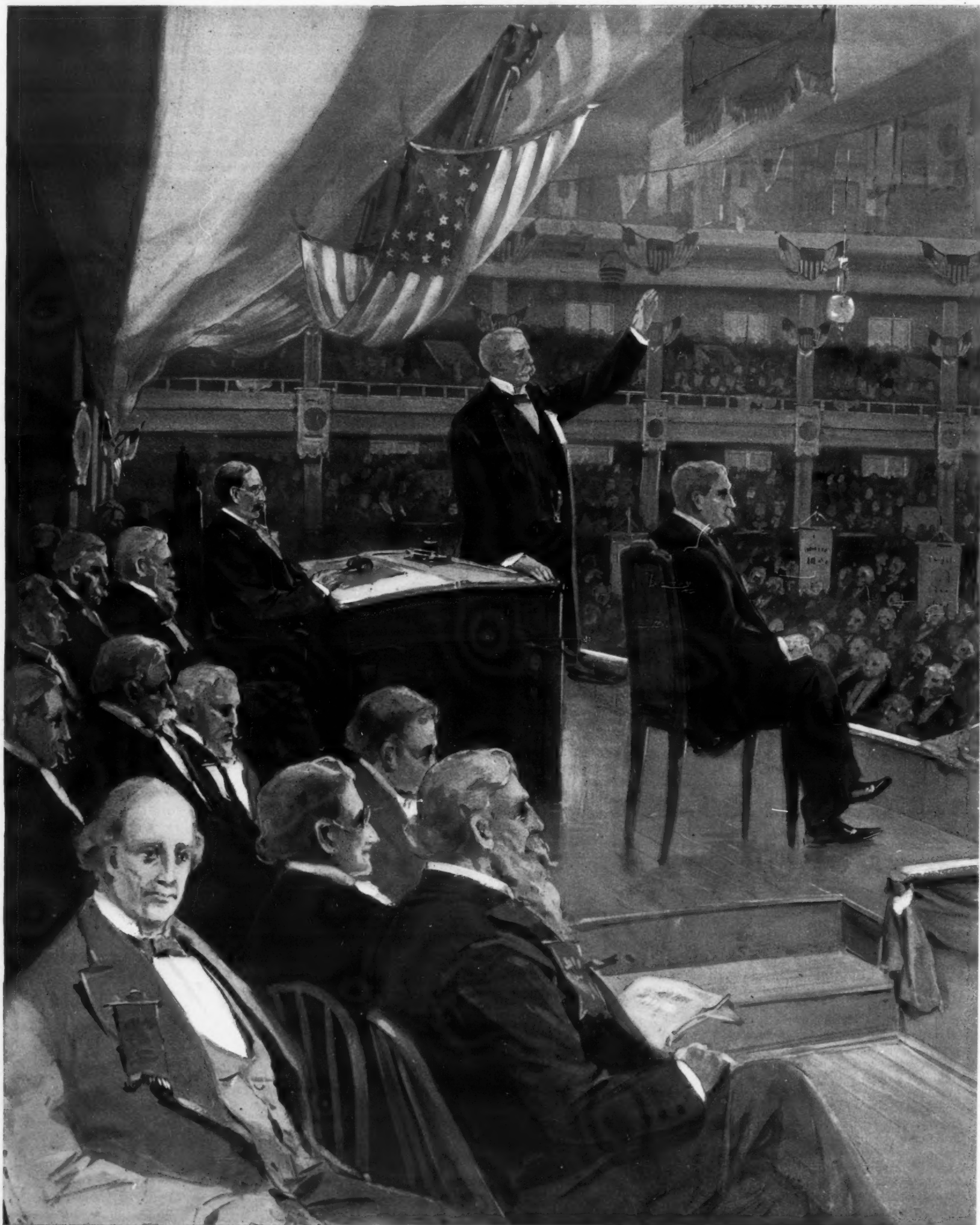
They felt the "pull" was dead for once. Log-rolling, subterranean badger methods, which heretofore have disgraced American art competition, were for once not to prevail. A new era was ushered in. Hosannas echoed through the land!

When the date for closing the competition drew nigh the National Sculpture Society was formally invited to send a committee to Washington to pass upon the models. President J. Q. A. Ward appointed Augustus St. Gaudens,

(Continued on page 432.)



THE DESIGN OF P. W. BARTLETT.—Photograph by Alfred Reymond.



The results of the Republican National Convention have produced widespread satisfaction throughout the country, attesting, as they do, the fidelity of the party to the principles and policies which are so essential to the maintenance of the national prosperity and honor. Major McKinley's nomination for the Presidency has been inevitable from the start of the canvass, and the attitude of the party on the money question has been almost equally clear. There can be no doubt that the positive and unequivocal declaration in favor of the maintenance of the existing gold standard, and the equally explicit declaration in favor of a tariff which will afford revenues sufficient to meet the expenses of the government, will be followed by an immediate restoration of financial confidence and a general revival of business enterprise. As to the success of the ticket nominated at St. Louis, by an overwhelming vote, no man in his senses can have any doubt whatever.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS.

HON. J. B. FORAKER PRESENTING THE NAME OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.
DRAWN BY AL HENCKE.



"Very swiftly the girl made her way along the cleft."

THE COUNT AND LITTLE GERTRUD.

A STORY OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Copyright, 1896, by S. R. Crockett.

PART II. V.—(Continued).

HILE the count was still meditating, "crack" went little Truda's first shot in the room above. It was answered by the cry of a man in angry pain, and then came the soft trample of many rushing feet over greensward.

Crack! crack! A swift double report rang out again from the room where the school-girl of Breslau kept her vigil.

The count was on the point of rushing up to succor his ally when she called down imperatively, "Keep your place, count! They will attack you next. I

can keep them back on this side."

And she spoke no more than the truth, for half a dozen muskets spoke from the woods, and then with a rush as many men

sprang out of the covert of leaves and ran hard for the back porch of Alt Karl's chalet. If once they got safely within its shelter it might have been difficult to reach them with bullets. Four of the men carried a long, straight section of tree-trunk, to be used as a battering-ram to force the door.

The count's rifle cracked, and the end of the tree dropped promptly to the ground. The man who had been carrying one side of the log laid his hand on his thigh and roared aloud. The count laid down one smoking weapon and lifted another. With this he took aim at the nearer of the two dark-faced men, who, with muskets in their hands, were by this time much closer to the porch than those who had to bear the burden of the tree. Again the count's rifle was heard, and the men broke for the wood without waiting for more. The leaves closed over them and there was a great and instant stillness.

As Count St. Polten-Vassima stood at his wicket he could hear Gertrud Richter, in the room above, loading her artillery and laying each gun, as it was ready, on her little dressing-table.

He himself hastened to do likewise. Then all suddenly a new turn was given to the situation, for Alt Karl strode out of the wood and across the wide green toward the front door. His daughter saw him first, for that was her chosen side of the house.

"Run!" she cried; "run for the door, father! I will open it." But Alt Karl was an under-officer of the kaiser, and it was not his habit to run till he saw cause. So he faced about and looked calmly all about him. A gun went off to the right and a waft of white smoke arose. Alt Karl took the fowling-piece from his shoulder and laid it to his ear ready for action. Then steadily, as if he had given himself the order to charge, he went at the double straight for the place from whence the bullet had come. But before he had gone a dozen yards a second shot was fired from the left. Alt Karl wavered, stumbled, and went over on his face with a swirl, his gun exploding as he fell.

By this time Truda had the front door open and was on the point of rushing forth to succor her father. But Count St. Polten took her by the shoulder roughly and thrust her behind him.

"Stay where you are," he commanded; "he is too heavy for you to carry."

And he laid down his gun on the sparred rustic seat in the porch and rushed across the lawn bareheaded. Bullets whistled about him as he ran. But in a moment he reached the side of the fallen man. He stooped and raised Alt Karl in his arms. A crowd of men broke from the coverts on right and left, and with fierce howls of rage rushed toward the count, who stumbled under his heavy burden.

Nevertheless he carried his *Jagdmeister* swiftly enough in his arms toward the open door. As he came he saw Gertrud kneeling upon one knee behind the trellis of the porch. Swiftly she fired one gun and then another till she had exhausted her store. Then she stood up with her father's revolver in her hand, and as he approached the door with his unconscious burden on his shoulder he could hear the sharp crack of the report, and simultaneously the spit and whistle of the bullets as they passed on either side of him, first over one shoulder and then over the other. So accurate was the young girl's aim that the charge of the convicts was stayed, though not wholly prevented. As Gertrud clanged the door and shot the bolts two men flung themselves against it and one fired his gun into the keyhole. But the solid oak and the good iron bolts stood the stress.

"To your wicket!" cried Truda; "I shall go back to my window."

She only reached her station in time to see the disappointed assailants running back to cover. But the lawn was fairly sprinkled with the wounded, some limping, some crawling, and still more lying deadly still. All was safe for a little, so, having again loaded her rifles, Gertrud ran swiftly to look after her father.

Alt Karl lay with his head supported on the count's shoulder. His daughter cut away his coat deftly. The bullet had gone clean through the shoulder, between the joint of the right arm and the spring of the neck, but very near the surface—too near to have touched any vital part. It was the shock more than the wound which had felled Alt Karl. Presently he looked up.

"Trudchen," he said, "have they killed your father at last?"

But his daughter smilingly answered him: "'Tis but a little blood-letting and will do thee good, Father Karl. It is not for gallows thieves to make an end of such a soldier as thou art."

So when they were somewhat reassured, and the blood stanch-ed, Alt Karl bade them to lay him along a couch by an open window and give him a gun or two, for it was natural that he should desire also to have his chance at the scoundrels.

But for a long time there came no sign of further attack. The peace of an utter quiet settled on the chalet and its encompassing ring of sombre woodlands. In the long glades where the confederation of the flowers strove with the green pigmy armies of the grass which should be the greater, not a blade waved, not a petal nodded, so wonderful a silence brooded over all. The sun smote overbearingly down upon them, so that the humming of the bees and the shrill whistle of the cicada almost ceased as the performers retired to take their siestas till the sun should creep a little lower.

VI.

WHO SHALL SAVE?

"I LIKE this not," said Alt Karl; "it goes not soundly right. I would rather see the scoundrels storming up to the doors of the house, yelling for our blood, than abide this uncanny quiet."

The Count St. Polten had relapsed into his customary lassitude, save that his eyes sometimes rested with a peculiar expression of astonishment on the returned school-girl from Breslau. Gertrud, however, seemed wholly unconscious that she had done anything remarkable. The repulse of an organized band of convicts might have formed part of the ordinary curriculum of ladies' schools in Silesia, so calm and well accustomed, so demure and unconscious, sat the little Truda in her chair. But she listened eagerly enough to the talk of her elders.

"Doubtless they are waiting for the night, to steal upon us with the firebrand and the drench of petroleum," said Alt Karl; "that is the way we burn the villages from which the sharpshooters fire upon our line of march."

"There is part of a cavalry regiment, Hussars of the Black Eagle, lying in St. Polten," said the count. "If by any means we could get the news taken down there we might have succor within an hour. It is but three miles, and if there were a man of courage in the neighborhood he might run with the news."

Alt Karl shook his head.

"It needs more than courage, and our men of sense are mostly lying between here and Königsgrätz," he said. "Besides, the wood-choppers and peasants will think that we of the chalet amuse ourselves with firing at the mark."

Alt Karl held those low views of the intelligence of the country-folk about St. Polten which are the birthright of the true hillman of the Tyrol.

The count lay back in his chair deep in meditation. He drew out of his breast-pocket a silver cigarette-case. He was on the point of lighting one when his eyes fell on Gertrud Richter.

"With your permission, mademoiselle," he said, bowing courteously.

The words brought a grim smile to the face of Alt Karl, a smile which ended in a little twitch of pain as his wounded shoulder nipped him.

"'Tis just my little Truda, home from school in Breslau, and no mademoiselle at all," he explained. For often in the Austrian Tyrol, with regard to the meaning of words, things are not what they seem.

The count looked more than a little annoyed and glanced at Truda, but, perfectly unconscious, she had taken to her knitting, with the muskets ready on the table beside her all the time.

"Your permission, Fräulein Gertrud?" he said, politely.

Gertrud smilingly nodded and said that indeed, with her father's habits, she was well enough accustomed to tobacco.

"To the grand pipe; not to the whiffing of straws," said Alt Karl, contemptuously, pointing to the array of noble bowls and six-foot stems on the wall.

So, with the count smoking and Gertrud making occasional reconnaissances to the upper windows, the still, breathless afternoon wore on into the cooler stillness of the evening sunshine.

All the while little Gertrud was busily thinking. It was the count and her father whose death the convicts aimed at. For herself, not knowing the heart of the human wild beast, she had no fear. Indeed, had she known all, the worst would not have affrighted her so long as within the chambers of her father's revolver there slumbered an alternative.

From childhood Gertrud had dwelt in this place. For fifteen years she had tried every path, tested every hiding-place and hollow, in all the jagged tangle of honeycombed limestone country about St. Polten. She remembered especially the long ravine cleft, which began so mysteriously just beyond the grassy slope of the glade. The little Trudchen thought deeply, and her thoughts were of what she and she alone could do.

Would it not be possible for her to run across the lawn, drop into the ravine and there lie hid while the convicts were searching for her? From thence she might be able to make her way down the bed of the stream to Martin's Loch, where the streamlet spouted through an archway of stone down the cliff-side. She had clambered there many a time in search of wild flowers, and had descended half-way to St. Polten along the side of the cliff. It was true the foothold was exceedingly precarious, even in daylight, consisting of the merest projections of the limestone rock. But no one had ever attempted it in the twilight, still less at night, at which time alone she could hope for success.

All this kept passing and re-passing in the busy little brain while Gertrud went on with her knitting, or went her rounds above and below stairs.

"I wonder if they have really gone," she said to herself, "or if they are only lying in hiding. I shall see. I shall give the real mademoiselle a chance to distinguish herself."

And she set the hunter's Tyrolean hat, in which she had been accustomed to roam the woods, upon the head of the dressmaker's model, which, like a thrifty landward damsel, she used in the making of her attire. She set mademoiselle upon a chair with a cloak about her and pushed her to the window. There she swayed idiotically forward as if looking out. A jet of white smoke sprang promptly out of an oleander bush on the far side of the lawn. There followed the sharp report of a needle-gun and a bullet pitted itself in the thick beam above the window.

"Well done, mademoiselle," said Truda, smiling.

And she withdrew the decoy back again into her bed-chamber.

Thereupon Gertrud went down and explained her scheme for bringing relief, telling them what she had done. But the men, knowing what they knew, would not hear of her plan for a moment. If any were to go for help it must be himself, was St. Polten's solution. "If we are to die, why die we must," was that of Alt Karl.

But in her heart the girl refused to accept either. The count certainly could not go, because he did not know the only practicable way to St. Polten, that through Martin's Loch. Her father might be ready and willing to die, but not so she, nor, if she judged aright, the count either. So Truda looked carefully to her revolver, which had been her father's during the war, and slipped it loosely into the pocket of her coat, ready to her hand. Then she put on the short mountaineer's kilt in which she had so often gone to the hunt with her father, and setting the man's Tyrolean hat firmly on her head, she stood ready. After all it was only fifty steps across the grass, and fifty through the wood to the beginning of the cleft, and in the quick-coming dusk she would be there in a moment.

The dark comes swiftly enough among the wooded foothills of St. Polten. The sun was already set and the brown shades were cooling

into blue with the rising of the night mist out of the hollow places.

Truda laid her plans rapidly. She arranged her half-dozen guns in a row and discharged them one after the other, lifting them in turn to her shoulder and firing them into the belt of woodland through which she meant to run. The count came anxiously up-stairs to see if she had precipitated a general engagement. But all was still and quiet; not even the shaking of a branch betrayed the presence of the lurking foe.

The girl asked the count to accompany her down-stairs for a moment. There was something to be done with which he could help her. So they went below, and Gertrud very swiftly undid the fastenings of the back door of the chalet. Then, standing on the doorstep, she said: "Now I mean to go down to St. Polten by Martin's Loch to bring up the cavalry. Shut the door swiftly after me!" And with that she was gone out of his sight, melting into the dusk like a shadow.

VII.

THE CLEFT OF ST. MARTIN.

THE count stood a moment where she had left him in speechless amazement. Then he took a hurried step or two in the direction of the wood, as though to follow and bring the madcap back, but the folly of this proceeding immediately forced itself on him. He could not hope to catch her. He knew nothing of the way by which she had gone. He would be leaving the chalet open and undefended, with no one but a wounded man within.

He bolted the door, therefore, and ran up to the higher window which had been Gertrud's. Cautiously he looked out and listened. The night was very still. Not a breath of air whispered among the pine trees.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

The voice of the bird came from the direction in which the girl had vanished. The count took it for a good omen, and the prayer of his heart became a thanksgiving.

"That was little Trudchen's voice," said Alt Karl, when the Count St. Polten re-entered the room where, in the darkness, the old man still kept his keen vigil, peering out of the open window across the narrow space which divided them from the woods.

Then the count told Alt Karl all that his Gertrud had done. But the old soldier showed no sign of emotion.

"It is in the hands of God," he said. "Did she take the revolver?"

"It is at least gone from the place," replied the count.

"Then she may indeed die, as may we all," said her father; "but otherwise I am not greatly afraid for Truda."

Rarely had Gertrud's heart beat so wildly as when she dashed across the lawn into the thick blackness of the woods. Her hand was on her pistol, for she knew that she risked infinitely more than her own life upon the issue of her quest. She might, for instance, for all she knew, run straight into the arms of the cruel and lurking foe. She might chance upon the spot at which a score of them lay hidden. Nevertheless she sped swift-footed toward the wall of leaves, and in a moment she was stooping low to take the plunge.

Suddenly out of the darkness, a little way to the right, two men emerged and looked toward the chalet. Their eyes caught the flash of her figure darting past. Without a word they closed in upon her, compelling her to enter the woods a little more to the left than she had intended. So that instead of having thick woods all the way to the cleft's mouth, she had to cross an open space of twenty yards across.

When Gertrud emerged upon this little woodland cirque, where a thousand times as a child she had spread out her cups and baked her mud-pies in her girlish playings at housewife, she almost tripped over half a dozen men, all lying on the grass. She swerved to the right in order to avoid them. One or two sprang after her with growls like wild beasts, and to avoid these new assailants Truda had to dodge between her first pursuers. She could hear them crashing after her in the wrong direction. She bent her head till she was running almost double. Truda kept the side of Martin's cleft for a hundred yards before plunging into it, letting herself down by the branches of trees and bushes into its depths, and clinging perilously with her knees to every jutting crag and point of limestone rock.

Her pursuers came blundering after. She could hear them calling in prison slang the one to the other. But they searched in vain, for not one of them was a mountain man or trained in the ways of the woods.

When Gertrud Richter reached the gravelly bottom of the cleft of St. Martin she found the rivulet wholly dried up by the long heats of summer. Here, in a secure recess, she waited full five minutes to let the heat of pursuit pass by, and there in the stillness which ensued she cried, twice, "Cuckoo!" in exact imitation of

the bird. It was the note of hope which had cheered the heart of the count, hearing it from the window of the beleaguered chalet.

Very swiftly the girl made her way along the cleft, which, as in the manner of such places in limestone districts, now opened out into a ravine with precipitous sides, now contracted into a passage little wider than a tunnel, and anon debouched quite unexpectedly upon the bare side of a precipitous cliff.

But the latter not unexpectedly to Gertrud Richter. Many a time had she clambered down to the steep break-neck path, which led almost to the roofs of St. Polten. There it was at last. Through the narrow, half-overgrown opening of St. Martin's Loch, Truda could see the lights of St. Polten glimmering beneath her. She even heard the band playing—that of the regiment which she had risked her life to summon. It seemed as if she could almost cry down to them, they were so near. She could see the bright lights of the café, and the officers sitting in front of it at the little round tables, smoking with crossed legs and no doubt talking infinite scandal.

But there was a hard climb yet to come—and what made it much more difficult, she had to climb down, not up.

But little Gertrud grasped the edge of the sill of St. Martin's Loch and let herself drop with confidence over the bare scarp of the cleft. Her feet did not quite reach the next ledge, so she let go, with a catch in her throat lest in the years since last she had been there the foothold beneath her might have been knocked away either by the weather or by random feet.

No, it was still there. Her feet gripped the broad, firm edge, and she tip-toed out upon it to feel for the rowan-tree which used to grow from a cleft to the right. It was gone, and Truda's heart for the first time fluttered wildly. It would be terrible should she be fixed all night on this bare limestone ledge, like a beetle pinned to a wall, while the fiends above were making an end of the one most dear to her—that is, of her father.

But Truda did not hesitate more than a moment. She remembered that the ledge beneath her was very broad, and that the rock sloped a little toward it. So without a moment's hesitation she swung herself over, and, stretching to the full extent of her arms, she let it go. She slid downward bodily, snatching at every smallest prominence which would break her fall, and bruising herself cruelly upon the rocks. But what of that, thought Truda, when she stood safely upon the ledge, and the worst was over. She called to mind that a goat's track led down a tail of debris to the back of the *Rathhaus* of St. Polten. In a moment she was digging her heels into the sliding banks of shale, and descending recklessly toward the lights of the town.

In five minutes more Gertrud Richter, disheveled and bleeding from a dozen scratches on her hands and arms, was telling her tale to the colonel of the Hussars of the Black Eagle.

"The Count of St. Polten besieged by forcats—impossible!" said he, looking at the wares of a seller of matches, and automatically selecting one with a pretty picture.

Nevertheless, in spite of the impossibility, the bugles sounded, the saddles filled, and the hoofs clattered merrily up the road toward the chateau of St. Polten. The path led up-hill all the way, but the men set themselves light-heartedly to their task. And first of them all, with the colonel a little way behind her, rode the Breslau school-girl upon a cavalry saddle.

And as they went they came in sight of that which made them spur yet faster and more fiercely—the flames of a burning house mounting redly to the skies. The heart of the maid throbbed violently. Was the thing which she had done to be all in vain? Were the rescuers after all to arrive too late?

Not till the white coats of the cavalry had surmounted the last rise, could they see the source of the flames. But they heard the rattling of small arms, the crackling of timbers, and the hoarse shouting of many men.

The tall columns of soaring fire made an awful flickering twilight among the gloomy forest glades. Presently the Hussars of the Black Eagle topped the brae, and there before them was the great house of St. Polten, which so long had stood unfinished, flaming to the skies, and the convicts running every way with torches and blazing pine fagots, like ants in a disturbed hillock of fir-needles.

But the chalet of Alt Karl was still dark and untouched.

A pile of fagots had been laid down in the porch under Truda's rees, and was just beginning to flame up. The rattle of musketry rang about the house in a circle of fiery flashes. For the convicts had found more arms and ammunition in the burning chateau.

So busy were the besiegers that the cavalry were actually among them with the sword before they were aware. And then with wild yells of terror the wretched men fled for the shelter of the woods, the horsemen riding them

down mercilessly, so that but few escaped. For the marvelous light of the burning palace shone every way, even into the densest thickets. And all that night the pursuers rode hither and thither, striking and killing along the woodland ways as far as the spring of St. Martin's cliff.

Thus ended the leaguer of St. Polten. For several days the soldiers hunted high and low, until the whole band of the escaped convicts had been accounted for.

Within the chalet there had been desperate work. Early in the engagement the count had been wounded on the brow by a chance bullet; it was a flesh wound and he made little of it for its own sake. But fierce anger at the indignity came upon him, and not for all the entreaties of Alt Karl would he for a moment leave the windows. So that at last the *Jagdmeister*, tied to his couch, had to content himself with preparing the guns for his master to fire. This he did with an ever darker and more silent fury as the night went on and the light of the burning chateau made his enemies plain in its fierce glare.

The count as he fired winged every bullet with a silent curse.

"This for her who gave herself for our sakes," he said, below his breath.

And at each discharge an enemy dropped out there on the green, flame-lit fairway of the glade.

Presently there came to their ears, through the rattle of the musketry and the shouts of the incendiaries, the unmistakable cavalry cheer, and the clatter of disciplined steeds; then, last of all, the heady elation of the deadly charge. But one there was that rode straight up to the door of the chalet and dismounted swiftly, minding neither friend nor foe.

The Count St. Polten-Vassima ran to open the door.

It was the little Truda who stood there, clear and fair in the great light which shone from his burning castle. She looked down at her short kirtle, and the girl who had ridden the cavalry charger at the head of the detachment stood blushing and ashamed before him whom she had risked life and honor to save.

"I brought them," she said, weakly, and then began to cry as if her heart were broken.

But the Count of St. Polten-Vassima clasped the daughter of his *Jagdmeister* in his arms without a word.

It was a fortnight later, and the count had returned from Vienna. Ostensibly he had gone to have the plans prepared for the new house which he was to build by the heights near Martin's Loch, upon the plateau, whence one can look down upon the red roofs of St. Polten.

Yet as fast as his feet would carry him he hastened to the cottage, which had resumed its perennial quiet after the terrors of the siege to which it had been exposed. As the count came near he heard the ripple of a piano in the little salon. Gertrud was singing a love-song, quaint and old, and the sound of her voice brought back again the lonely feeling into the heart of the count.

Gertrud came sedately to the door and asked him to enter, and would have gone to find her father. But he took her hand and kept it as he looked away over to the crest of the hill where his new chateau was to stand.

"Truda," he said, "I have come all the way from Vienna to ask if a young girl can love a glum, useless fellow like me."

Gertrud's eyes were on the ground, and for a moment she did not answer, but her hand shook in his.

"You must marry a great lady," she began at last, her voice quavering.

"A Count of St. Polten-Vassima can wed where he chooses. The emperor himself has said it."

"But," faltered Truda, compelling her rebellious heart to be still, "there are ladies, beautiful and clever, in Vienna, in Paris, where you will go."

The count laughed a little, and pointed up to the trees which nodded over the defile, at the bottom of which lay the perilous pass through which she had passed so lately.

"Beautiful ladies—clever ladies—without doubt, little one. But which of these beautiful ladies would have risked Martin's Loch at blackest night for me? And which would have thrown herself down, bruising her fair hands on the white cliffs of St. Polten, all to save my worthless life?"

"It was for my father," whispered Truda, glancing at him just once, with the ancient mischief quick in her eye.

But the count caught her in his arms, and the two stood for a long minute far retired under the shade of the porch.

"And now," said the count when they had emerged again, "have you any more objections to urge, little Truda?"

But though he waited a long while little Truda had not any.

THE END.

The Sherman Statue Affair—A Protest.

(Continued from page 429)

D. C. French, Olin L. Warner, sculptors; George B. Post, president of the Architectural League, and Bruce Price, president of the Municipal Art Society of New York, the latter two of the foremost architects in America. These five elected J. Q. A. Ward as a sixth member. Thus was made up the strongest art committee ever gotten together in this country.

As none of the above sculptors ever enter any competitions, anywhere, they had nothing to gain by the Sherman competition once opened. Of this committee all but Mr. Post went to Washington, leaving their busy workshops, and spent two days doing special work for the country at large for no pay—their traveling expenses alone being paid. They decided that one thousand dollars should be awarded to five models; one by P. W. Bartlett, of Paris; two by C. H. Niehaus, of New York; one by W. O. Partridge, of Milton, Massachusetts; one by H. K. Bush-Brown, of New York; or, in case one of the two models by C. H. Niehaus was thrown out, the fifth one thousand dollars was to be given to J. Massey Rhind, of New York. Then they advised explicitly, and in most clear language, that the models for the equestrian statue alone, and not the pedestals, of the designs by Bartlett and Niehaus should be amplified and more carefully studied. And no others.

What did this famous committee of laymen do?

They issued another circular, without consulting the National Sculpture Society this time. In this circular they invite P. W. Bartlett, C. H. Niehaus, Carl Rohl-Smith, and J. Massey Rhind to compete a second time.

They threw out Partridge entirely, who was numbered third in merit, and H. K. Bush-Brown, who was placed fourth in merit. They invite J. Massey Rhind to compete, and drag in Carl Rohl-Smith, who had a model so commonplace that the committee did not even consider his model. To cap the climax they required that these sculptors should not only amplify the horse and rider of their designs, but the pedestal also—an unnecessary and costly requirement.

Bartlett and Niehaus, thinking that the dragging of Smith and Rhind into the second competition was only a sort of personal compliment paid these two by some powerful member of the lay committee, and knowing that the art committee had recommended none but themselves for the second competition, and feeling sure that the same committee of the National Sculpture Society would decide in the second competition as they had in the first, entered the second time with enthusiasm, and Mr. Bartlett, who has lived in Paris since his eleventh year, came to New York, and at great expense amplified his first model. Niehaus and his architect, at the expense of about twenty-five hundred dollars, amplified theirs. Rhind made an absolutely new model, which was unfair; so did Smith.

The exhibition and examination of the models in different rooms of a house unfit for such a proceeding was a farce of short duration, ending in Carl Rohl-Smith receiving the award.

Now, when all these facts are taken into consideration in face of the other facts that all of these four competitors are members of the National Sculpture Society; that Mr. Bartlett has never been at one of the meetings of the society, being a Parisian, nor has Mr. Smith, who lives in Chicago and is a Dane; that Mr. Niehaus has taken very little active part in the work of the National Sculpture Society, and is a German; that, therefore, the presumption is in favor of the art committee having been indifferent to all three personally, and judged the models on their merits; that it is a fact, furthermore, that the sculptors, architects, and painters of New York are unanimous that Smith's model is far inferior as a whole monument to either that of Niehaus or Bartlett, both of whom are much greater sculptors than Smith; what are we to think of this committee—of laymen—who know more than the combined artists of America?

Is it not absolutely grotesque? Had Mr. Smith produced a model that in its ensemble was a real work of art even, to say nothing of a grander one than the two chosen by the art committee, nothing would be said. For Mr. Smith is just as popular personally in the National Sculpture Society as is Mr. Bartlett, seeing that both have never attended a meeting of the society, and both are practically foreigners, though Mr. Bartlett was born in America. But when Mr. Smith produces a model distinctly mediocre and positively inferior to those of Niehaus and Bartlett and has it chosen against the advice of the strongest art committee of the country, then there is something wrong somewhere.

The committee make the defense that the likeness of Mr. Smith's Sherman pleased them best. This argument, more than any they could

advance, proves their unfitness to pass on any design for a monument of such importance as the one in question.

No first-class artist ever strains to make a perfect likeness of the subject in any sketch model. He does that in the final work. The supreme thing in making a sketch model is to show the conception, composition, and spirit of a great monument. In this Mr. Smith's is decidedly inferior to both those of Mr. Niehaus and Mr. Bartlett.

When are we going to have a standing bureau of fine arts at Washington, established by the government and organized on a proper plan, with an under-secretary of some Cabinet officer for chief, who will make the recurrence of such an impudent and scandalous art fiasco impossible in the future, and who will see to it that the atrocities, the jobs, and nightmares that disgrace our beautiful capital are wiped out, and high-class embellishments put in their places?

VERITAS.

A Coming California Wedding.

THE engagement of Miss Ella V. Hobart and Charles A. Baldwin, announced recently, has created more of a sensation in Pacific coast society than any engagement for a long time.



MISS ELLA V. HOBART.

Baldwin never happened to be the man suggested. He is a good deal older than the prospective bride, having celebrated his thirty-fourth birthday. But he is a man after her own heart—a polo-player, a horseman, a rider, a driver, athletic, and fond of all out-of-door sports. Miss Hobart, in spite of her four millions of dollars—or, perhaps, because of them—loves the open air. She has her own blooded horses and turn-outs, distinct from her brother's magnificent stable, and she can drive four-in-hand better than most men. Her passion for tennis caused her father to pay seventy thousand dollars for the handsome property adjoining the Hobart residence on Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, which he turned into a tennis-court, after the house was moved off.

Miss Hobart is the youngest daughter of W. S. Hobart, lately deceased, and was born in

Virginia City, where her father was interested in the Comstock. She is finely educated, having early developed a taste for books, pictures, and drawings, and has spent a good deal of time in travel



MR. CHARLES A. BALDWIN.

abroad. In appearance she is petite, slender, and nervous. She has vivacious manners, and is a ready conversationalist, unaffected, and unassuming. Her fortune is estimated at some four millions of dollars. Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, the prospective groom, is the only son of Admiral Baldwin, of the United States Navy. He is a prominent member of the University and the Burlingame Country clubs. He owns a large vineyard in Santa Clara County, and entertains extensively in his villa there. He is popular in society circles. The wedding, which will be a quiet one, will occur on the 7th of July.

MABEL C. CROFT.

The National Whist Tournament.

LIKE many others of the sports and pastimes that originated in the Old World, the game of whist has had its greatest development in the United States. The chief factor in the widespread popularity which the game now enjoys in this country has been the introduction of duplicate play. Before its invention the opportunities for studying the never-ending combinations were limited to such remarkable hands as could easily be remembered. Under the new system, by which each player retains his cards as they are laid on the table, every hand can be reviewed and criticised after it is got through with by both sets of partners. Even duplicate whist has its limitations so far as being avail-

able for a large company, and to meet the requirements of the clubs the progressive or compass method of play was adopted. These American innovations fairly revolutionized the English game of scoring honors and odd tricks, which had obtained in Great Britain for a century or more.

A natural sequence to the opening up of this new field for the study and play of whist in this



THEODORE SCHWARZ, PRESIDENT
AMERICAN WHIST LEAGUE.

country was the bringing together of its expert votaries in a national tournament. This was first accomplished in 1891, the Milwaukee Whist Club having invited all similar organizations of the republic to send their most skillful representatives to that city to engage in a series of contests. The response to this call showed that while the club men of other cities were ready to meet in friendly rivalry they also desired a central and national organization as the best means of keeping alive the interest which had sprung up through the introduction of the duplicate and progressive game. It was in accordance with the general consensus of opinion that the time was ripe for a union of forces that the American Whist League was formed at Milwaukee in April, 1891. While there were some contests to enliven the session, the time was largely spent in the adoption of the constitution and a code of laws for the regulation of the game. The English rules, which at one time had covered the ground pretty thoroughly, stopped short when it came to duplicate play, and a special set of laws was necessary to govern it.

The second congress met at New York in July, 1892, and the sixth one, which takes place in Brooklyn this month, occupies six days, from the 23d to the 27th inclusive. As the league is stronger and better organized than ever before, the present session promises to be the most important one in its history. There is little legislative work to be done, for the general code has not required amendment since the revision of 1893, and the laws of duplicate whist have not been disturbed for two years. This will leave nearly all the time free for the enjoyment of the series of contests, which will be more extensive than at any previous congress. There are four valuable prizes in connection with the tournament, which opens with a match to decide the possession of the Brooklyn trophy offered for the first time this year. This is a bronze plaque, play for which is confined to auxiliary associations, and on Tuesday, the 26d instant, the two most important contests of the week commence. These are for the Hamilton and Minneapolis trophies, and will bring together the best players. The Hamilton trophy series has been a fixture since 1892, and it was won last year by the Hyde Park Whist Club of Chicago. For the Minneapolis trophy the play is between pairs, and the winners in 1895 were



KATE WHEELLOCK, THE WHIST
QUEEN.

Photograph by Taber.

E. Leroy Smith and Charles F. Snow, of the Albany Whist Club. These two trophies are in the form of silver cups, and there is a third one, given by the league itself, first offered in 1894. The contest for this begins on Friday, the 26th instant, and ends the following night. There is a special condition by which the American Whist League trophy can be challenged for any time between October and April following the congress. The last successful disputants came from the St. Paul Chess and Whist Club, which has held it since last January. In addition to the four contests already mentioned there will be progressive matches for pairs and teams of four, a game between the East and West at duplicate whist, and a "free-for-all" game at progressive straight whist.

Two distinguished whist-players and authors from England will be present at the sixth congress by special invitation. One of them, who is known the world over by his pen-name of "Cavendish," attended the session in Chicago during the Columbian year. In private life he is Henry Jones, a resident of London, who has written many valuable works which are the recognized standard among the orthodox players in this country. His companion, W. H. Whitfield, came into prominence through a

problem at double dummy which was published in 1885. Nicholas B. Trist, of New Orleans, who is one of the patriarchs of the game in this country, is also expected to attend the Brooklyn session. There are several clever exponents of whist among women, one of whom, Kate Wheelock, has adopted as a profession the teaching of the game. She has devoted her attention to this for the past ten years, giving instructions chiefly to her own sex. Miss Wheelock attends every annual session, and in recognition of her efforts to popularize the game she has been called the "Daughter of the League."

The sixth congress will be held at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach, where about five hundred delegates and visitors are likely to assemble. Brooklyn leads all other places in the matter of membership, having sixteen clubs belonging to the league. Of these the Brooklyn Whist Club is the only one entirely devoted to the game, and the present congress will be held under its auspices.

C. A. McCULLY.

People Talked About.

—MR. JOHN F. CHAMBERLIN, of the Chamberlin Hotel, Old Point Comfort, is so widely known and has so many friends among public men, and, indeed, persons of all classes, that the recent announcement of his very serious illness created widespread regret. It is gratifying to know that the report was unfounded, and that Mr. Chamberlin is able to give to his new enterprise at Old Point the personal attention which always counts for so much with his guests.

—Dr. John Hall's son, the Reverend Doctor Thomas C. Hall, has been the pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, in Chicago, for a number of years, and it is said that he bids fair to attain in the Lake City the prominence his father has as a divine in New York. He is not quite forty years old, and physically is as fine a specimen of a man as his father was in his prime. Dr. Hall had the finishing touches put on his theological education in Germany, and he inclines toward the liberal view of Presbyterianism.

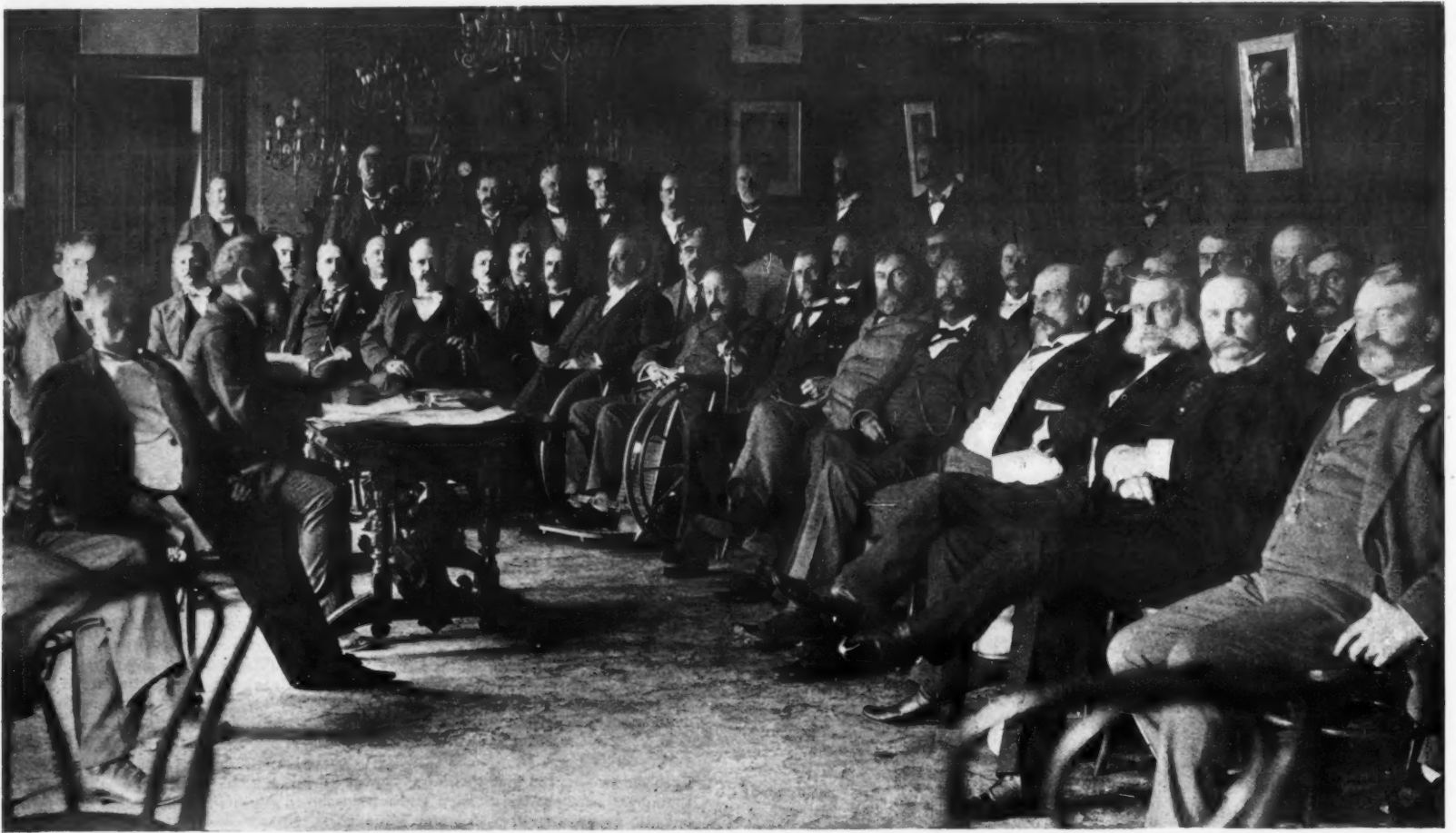
—It is reported that the various guides, dictionaries, and hand-books compiled by the celebrated Dr. Brewer, the champion Gradgrind of the age, have earned the publishers fully four million dollars. Dr. Brewer is now a hearty old man of eighty-six, who sleeps only four hours a night, according to his own confession, and is busy at work when most people have long been asleep. He began his long career of compilation when a school-boy, by jotting down in copy-books the questions that seemed most in need of an answer.

—General Fitzhugh Lee is probably as handsome a man as Uncle Sam has in his diplomatic service—certainly the handsomest official representative of the nation in a foreign land. He is now about sixty years old, very straight and well proportioned, and as well "set up" as a crack officer of half his years. His hair, mustache, and chin-whiskers, the latter the magnified goatee of the old-time Southerner, are tinged with white, which accentuates the pink and white of his complexion. His eyes are blue. Altogether he is a very fine figure of a man.

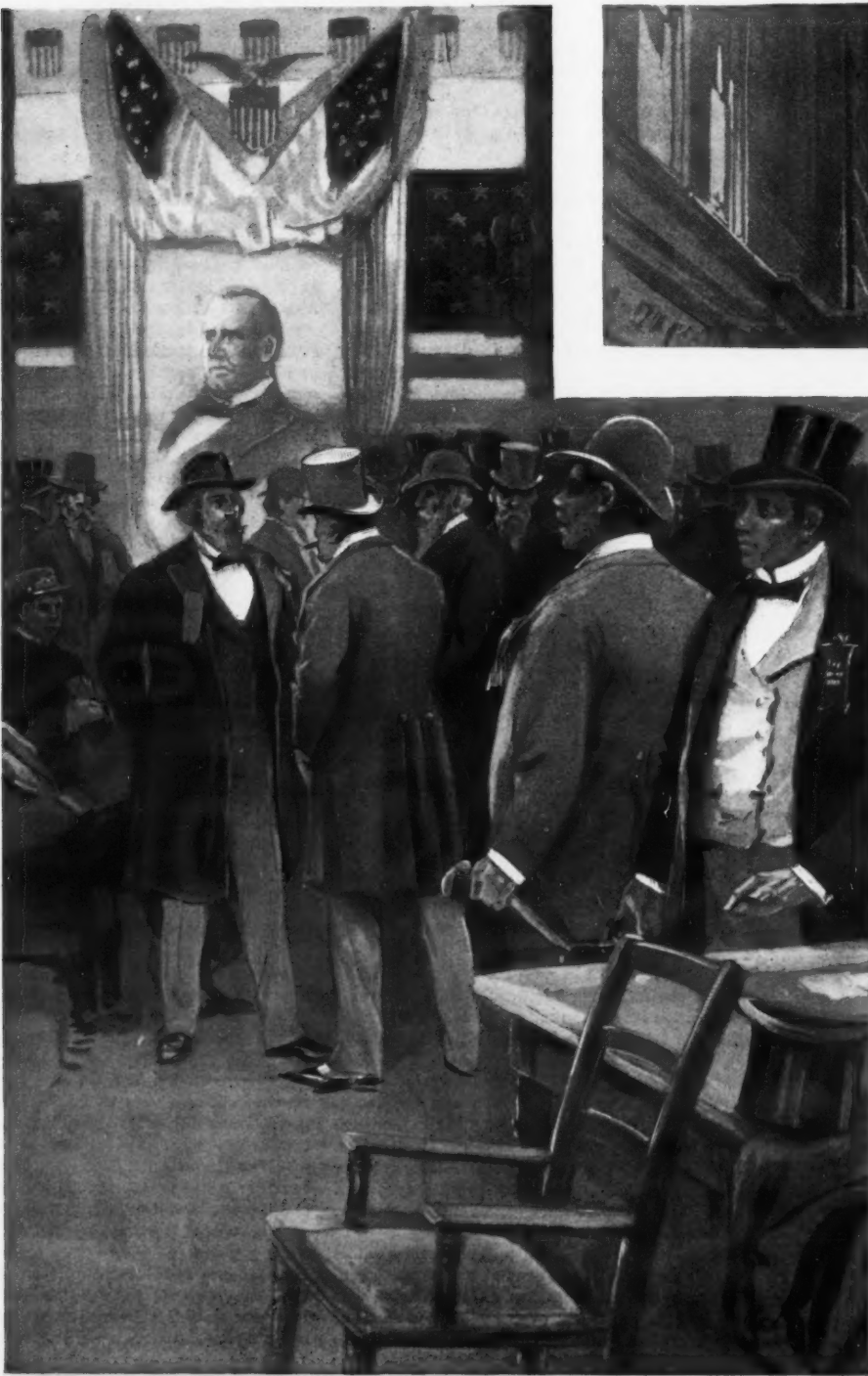
—The thousands of girl-graduates, some of them now dignified matrons, who have enlivened commencement exercises by reciting "Curfew must not ring to-night," will be interested to know that the author of these celebrated verses, Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, recited them very impressively before an audience in Oakland, California, recently. Nothing short of a recital of "Spartacus" by the Rev. Mr. Kellogg could have matched the event. Mrs. Thorpe composed these historic stanzas when she was a school-girl in Detroit, and is said to have first written them on her slate.

—Joaquin Miller's new book of poems draws attention again to the author's unique personality—his long hair, huge sombrero, cow-boy boots, red flannel shirt, and other like oddities of adornment that have made him a picturesque figure and proved to some that he was a genius chafing in the harness of civilization, and to others that he was a poseur if not a humbug. Miller has been both a prophet and a poet in the Sierras and a lion in London drawing-rooms. Perhaps it is in England, always appreciative of American eccentricities of talent, that he has had highest esteem.

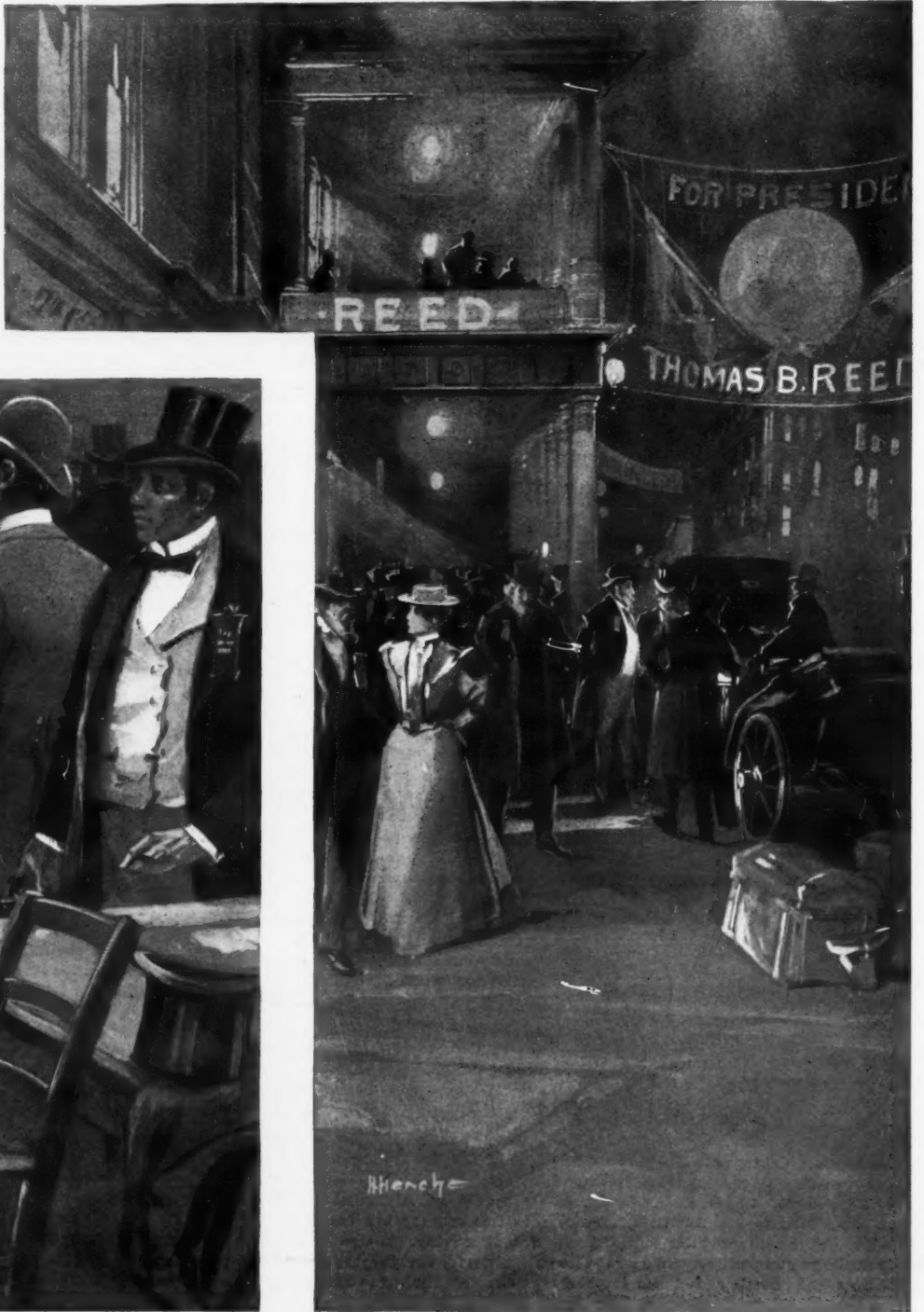
—Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson lives with her brother in a fine old Mobile mansion with a charming garden attached, in which the novelist spends most of her working hours. Mrs. Wilson is growing old very gently and gracefully. Her home is noted for its hospitality. Even the interviewer is welcomed, and one with a bent for statistics learned recently that her seven successful novels were written in fourteen months—an average of only two months each. One of these, "Vashti," has earned her nearly twenty thousand dollars, and the others were correspondingly remunerative. Mrs. Wilson has wholly given up the writing of romances, and the short story she never attempted.



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE IN SESSION AT THE SOUTHERN HOTEL.—From a Photograph by J. D. Raney.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE TIPPECANOE CLUB OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, AT THE SOUTHERN HOTEL.



EXTERIOR OF THE REED HEADQUARTERS AT THE SOUTHERN HOTEL—NIGHT SCENE.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.—DRAWN BY AL HENCKE, FROM SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT.

THE PICTURESQUE SHAKERS.

WITH the rapid advancement of modern life and civilization, most of the old-time picturesqueness is rapidly disappearing in all parts of



AT WORK IN THE FIELD.

the world. When we stop to realize how many centuries must pass before our machine-made elegance will have taken on the picturesque beauty which is vanishing so rapidly from our midst, we will appreciate the more such a record as we have in the pictures which accompany this article.

The Shakers, because of their peculiar religious belief, have, from the first, maintained an independence and individuality which, combined with the beauty of the natural surroundings of the country where their original settle-

ments were made, produced a quaint and picturesque life, which, until of late, resisted all the changing fashions of the outside world.

Now a discontent has manifested itself in some of the communities, and many of the sisters have discarded the quaint costume, which by its stern simplicity of line and softness of



SWEET-FACED MEDITATION.

color, expressed so well the characteristics of these peculiar people. There still remains, however, a Shaker community in the western range of the Berkshire Hills, known as the Canaan Family, where much of the old-time quaintness and charm survives, with many of the early costumes.

The situation of the village is most beautiful; nestling far up on one of the great hill-sides overlooking that gem of small lakes, Queechey, in one direction and the beautiful and fertile valley of Lebanon in another, while directly opposite a long range of thickly wooded hills stretches across the western sky, their monotony broken only where a clearing has been made by a charcoal-burner, whose kiln or cabin chimney sends up a faint column of blue smoke.

Supposing that you have driven over to the settlement from Lenox, ten miles, for a day among the Shakers, or, better yet, that you were stopping at some neighboring farm-house for a few weeks with your camera and sketching outfit, your first visit would seem like going into a strange country, and certainly you would be among strange people. The men at work in the fields look like French peasants, with their blue blouses; but as you approach them, the long hair curling up at the back, beneath the wide-brimmed hat, and the absence of the sabot dispel the illusion.

As you pass through the village street a shy

young sister darts into an open doorway like a frightened deer. Glancing up to some window, you are amused to see faces disappearing with astonishing rapidity. This unusual timidity is apt to react upon one at first, and you wonder whether or not you would be admitted into the buildings. Before you have gone the length of the street your curiosity has been so sharpened that at last you make bold to enter the gate, arched with great lilac bushes, and, stepping up to the old-fashioned door, lay hold of the heavy brass knocker.

Although you meant to rap lightly, you are startled by the report that breaks the quiet of the large, roomy dwellings, sleeping so peacefully in the shade of the overhanging elms.

Soon a demure little sister appears, and a smile of welcome, inclosed by a queer white cap, assures you that your fears were groundless. You are shown through the rooms of the various buildings, and everywhere perfect order and spotless cleanliness prevail.

You accept with pleasure the invitation to dine, as the fame of a Shaker dinner has reached you long before. But you may be disappointed on finding that you must eat alone, as the Shakers never permit "world's people" to partake of meals at the table with themselves.

You are ushered into a small room off the main dining-room, where the table is already laden with a bountiful meal. The members of this community are vegetarians. So, having made up your mind to adapt yourself to their ways, for this meal at any rate, you can enjoy almost any vegetable the garden affords, cooked with great variety, supplemented by sweet white and graham bread, good butter, delicious cool milk, preserves, fresh fruit, home-made cheese, apple and berry pie. The indistinct clatter of dishes in the large dining-room becomes a full sound as the door opens, and a sweet-faced sister advances with a pot of tea and the polite inquiry as to whether your wants are supplied. This done, she quietly returns, and you are left to your own reflections concerning their peculiar costumes.

Whether your visit to the Shakers is for a day or a year, you will certainly in every case be impressed by the simplicity, sincerity, and picturesqueness of their life.

BERT PHILLIPS.



A TYPE OF SHAKER SIMPLICITY.



BEAUTY DIGNIFIES A HOMELY SERVICE.

Plain Words about Japan.

At present, there is an imaginary boom in Japan; the number of Americans looking upon Yokohama as the promised land is legion. To be sure, there are many who go or come that way in the less ambitious capacity of globe-trotters, perhaps with a lurking idea that their perspicuity or sagacity may enlighten the great American public as to the real worth of Japanese progress. These lines are penned for the benefit of any one who intends visiting the mikado's realm, but especially for those who are thinking of leaving a sure thing here to improve their condition or to pick up wealth. Japan is composed of islands, so that, once there and stranded, not even the last resource of counting ties is left. And resident Americans are growing tired of providing tickets for disappointed fellow-citizens, who are also impecunious.

It is amusing to one who has lived many years

among the Japanese to notice the extravagant opinions current about them in America. The idea prevails that they are in love with us and our customs—that they regard us as their patrons in their late progress—and that it suffices to be an American to be welcomed with more or less effusion. This view is hopelessly erroneous. The average Japanese—and by this ninety-nine out of every hundred are meant—looks upon us in a somewhat different light. His ideas of this continent are rather shadowy, but when he sees an American, he knows that he sees a white skin, and that is an objection. We have a pretty general feeling here that we, as a race, are superior to the negro. While not evinced as openly as is the case here, the Japanese looks upon us in somewhat the same light, although, perhaps, not quite in the same degree. But he feels, and is fully satisfied in his own mind, that, compared with the Japanese, we are not in it. That as far as civilization, science, government, etc., are concerned, he is immeasurably our superior. And he will evince his

conviction in his actions, looks, tone of voice and expressions, although no one save a very close observer or a Japanese will notice it. And the latter will give a quiet chuckle of sympathy and applause.

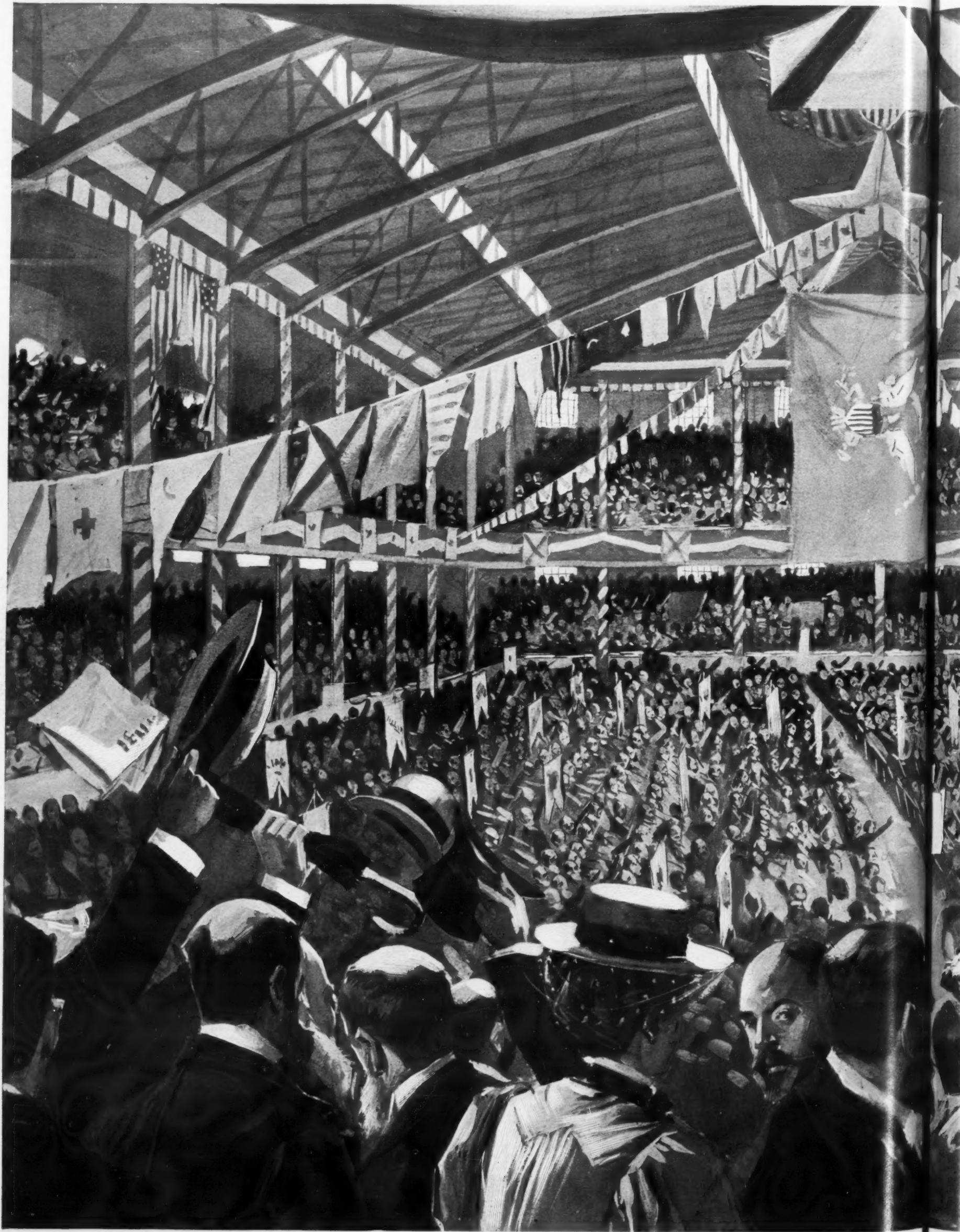
It is unnecessary to study Japanese before you go. Not only because you will probably never become proficient in the language, but the most necessary words will grow familiar to you, since you will hear them repeated so frequently that you may begin to think the Japanese vocabulary the easiest in the world. And you can do very well without an interpreter, although you will be besieged by members of that guild until they consider you a hopeless case. But if you succumb to their wiles you will discover that you have secured an incubus. The majority of these gentry are of the helpless sort. As guides they are useless; as interpreters they will be faithful so long as it is not against their own interest or against the rules of Japanese etiquette, and as you are bound to sin against that most formidable code almost

constantly in our blunt Anglo-Saxon, they are sure to take liberties in translating.

A foreigner in Japanese service who had acquired the vernacular sufficiently to understand what was said, went to a high official with a complaint. He was, of course, accompanied by the everlasting interpreter, to whom he explained his case in plain, unadorned English. Upon being introduced, the translation was couched in these terms: "My master is deeply moved at being admitted, and has come to inquire after the condition of the august health." And that was all.

But the interpreter is on hand and very interested when you proceed to curio- or silk-stores to invest in presents for the folk at home. Then he grows animated. He vouches for the dealer as for his own brother, which is not saying much, if you only knew it. Well, all interpreters or guides belong to the same guild. But when, after your purchases, you become convinced that you have been badly sold, you have

(Continued on page 438.)



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS—SCENE D

DRAWN BY B. WEST C. NEDINST. SKETCH



S—SCENE DURING THE ADDRESS OF THE TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN.

SKETCHES BY H. REUTERDAHL.

Plain Words about Japan.

(Continued from page 435.)

at least obtained some bows and smiles in return for the pretty considerable rake-off transferred to your interpreter's pocket.

There are a few words, as above hinted at, which any one mingling with the Japanese will soon acquire. The first is *tadama!* which may be interpreted as by-and-by, in a moment, or coming, as occasion requires. As the home of the lotos, the mythical property ascribed to that plant seems to be in the air. No Japanese is ever in a hurry; it is too undignified, and, besides, what is the use? To-morrow we have another day. This sentiment is expressed by this simple word, *tadama*. One of the greatest necessities in Japan is an inexhaustible stock of patience, and foresight enough to order anything a few hours before it is wanted. Waiting until the last minute, you are likely to be left with a soft-sounding *tadai—ma*.

But in these days of railroad and steamship time-tables the Japanese themselves must frequently be left behind? So they are. But their language furnishes a panacea for any such mishap or disappointment in the stoical *shikataganai!* (better luck next time; or, it can't be helped). You may fume and fret and storm at what to us is a waste of valuable time; the Japanese does not and cannot comprehend you. To him *shikataganai* settles the whole business, and besides, *miyonichi*—to-morrow—is sure to come. If you reside in Japan for any length of time you will be inoculated, and you will end in wondering at the impatience of every new arrival and be amused at his efforts to run with his head against the brick wall of native phlegm. A member of the staff of the Standard Oil Company worked his steam off by going to the warehouse and moving the barrels of oil from one side to the other. But it is doubtful if he continued taking this sort of medicine for any length of time.

And now a few hints to those seeking to obtain a government position or to "promote" enterprises. As to the former, it is well to state plainly that the government does not want you. That it would not employ you at any price; that it does not want you to teach them anything, for they know as much as they want to. That, in fact, any application on your part will find its way in a straight line to the waste-basket, and if you have made up your mind to wait for an answer you will, without any doubt, be buried in Japan. Your citizenship will not procure you any sympathy from the legation or consular authorities. Bless you! even rotund and big-hearted N. W. McIvor, United States consul-general at Yokohama, and good-natured James F. Connolly at Kobe, have grown callous, and have given up wondering what on earth can have persuaded you to leave the States for Japan. Japan as a country is warm enough. But for position or office-seekers, not even the unknown North Pole can boast of a more frigid temperature.

And if you wish to promote industries or any legitimate enterprise, any other portion of this sphere is sure to prove more remunerative than Japan. They have not favored you with any invitation, and if your industry is a good thing they will try to get the better of you, and it is dollars to cents that they will succeed. You may be an adept at poker, but in a game of freeze-out you will get left. From the moment you land at the *hatoba* (wharf) you will be thrown upon your own resources in a country of whose language, laws, and customs you are wholly ignorant. People and laws form a powerful combination against you, and all the benefit you will derive from your risk is valuable experience, for which you will have paid an exorbitant price. Consult with any member of the firms importing from Japan and they will give you the same advice. But if you are still bent upon going, purchase a return-ticket. It will save much anxiety after your arrival in Japan. R. VAN BERGEN.

Railway Traveling in England.

RAILROAD travel in England differs in many respects from railroad travel in America. To begin with, the moment you set your foot on British soil the whole vocabulary of travel changes. The railroad itself is the "railway"; the cars are "carriages"; the conductor is the "guard"; the engineer is the "engine-driver"; the fireman is the "stoker"; the track is the "line"; the rails are the "metals"; the baggage-car is the "luggage-van"; the trunks are "boxes"; the trains are not switched, they are "shunted"; the employees of the railroad are the "servants of the company"; a freight-train is a "goods train"; an express-office a "parcels-delivery office"; and although the engine may be called by the same name, it is quite a different-looking animal from the iron horse of America. It is literally (if I may use the expression) "a horse of another color," being

usually painted bright yellow, light green, or golden brown; and, having no cow-catcher, it has an odd, truncated appearance, suggesting the idea of an animal without a head.

The word *dépôt* is never applied to a railway-station in Great Britain, nor indeed in France, although it is a French word. In both countries it is used in its legitimate meaning of a "depository" or "place of deposit"—originally of military stores. How it came to be applied to a railroad-station, as it universally is in the United States, with its unmeaning sense and barbarous pronunciation, is one of the mysteries of our language that are hard to explain. I wish it could be abolished and the concise and expressive "station" substituted for it. In England it is always the "station," whether it be the immense glass-covered building of a large city, or the little picturesque, flower-adorned structure of a wayside stopping-place; except that at the extremities of the great trunk railways the word "terminus" or "terminus station" is used.

On the other hand, American railway travel is far ahead of British in its admirable check system, which has not been adopted in that country. Yet, if the traveler has his wits about him he need never lose his baggage. Having purchased your ticket at the ticket-office (which, by the way, is called the "booking-office"), you point out your trunk—if you are wise you will have but one—to a railway porter, who claps a printed paper on it and hurries it out of your sight. On arriving at your destination you ask another porter to get your trunk, but you must go with him to the luggage-van and point it out to him.

My first journey by rail in England was from Liverpool to Glasgow. On reaching the latter city, my first thought was my unchecked trunk! Where was it, and how should I find it? But a civil porter—you can always tell the railway-porters by their peculiar uniform—helped me out of my difficulty by asking if I had any luggage; and on my answering in the affirmative, bid me follow him. Looking into the luggage-van, he pointed to a "box." "Is that it?" "No." To another: "Is that it?" "No." But, peering into the van, from which some of the luggage had now been removed, I espied a well-known leathern physiognomy, and exclaimed, triumphantly: "That's it!" "Ah, yes," says the man; "an American trunk."

Now, if it had been a huge Saratoga trunk I would not have been surprised at his guessing its nationality; but I did wonder how the modest receptacle in which I carried my belongings had betrayed itself.

Should, however, the traveler's baggage be missing, or any difficulty be experienced in finding it, there is in every station a "lost-luggage office," where an intimation of his loss will receive prompt attention. No person except "the servants of the company" is allowed to cross the tracks at the stations, which are always several feet below the platforms, foot bridges being provided for the accommodation of passengers. Where a railway crosses a public road it is always by means of a bridge or viaduct, over which sometimes the one, sometimes the other, is carried, according to the grade. Every railway is inclosed by a hedge or wire fence, within which it is against the law for any person or animal to be found; hence the absence of the cow-catcher, which is not required. For this reason, also, there is less "slowing up" on approaching a station or passing into a tunnel.

On entering one of the latter the engine gives a short, startling shriek, and plunges through the darkness without the slightest abatement of speed, sometimes meeting another train going at the same rate, which passes like a flash, but with a roar like a peal of thunder.

England is a wonderful country for railways. It is seamed and scored with a network of them from one end to the other. The cars, or carriages, as is well known, are divided into compartments, plainly labeled on the doors: "First," "Second," or "Third" class. The first class corresponds with our drawing-room cars (though they cannot compare with them in sumptuousness), and are patronized, as one writer remarks, by "the nobility and Americans"; the second class by those who cannot afford the high price of the first class, but yet like to be somewhat exclusive; and the third class, corresponding with our ordinary cars, by the great bulk of the traveling public.

The upholstering and general "get-up" of the first-class compartment is but little better than that of the third-class; the chief difference being that, while the latter affords seats for ten persons, the former, in the same space, accommodates but six, with arm-rests between each; while the fare is just double. It is not so much splendor of surroundings as privacy that the Englishman prizes. And for that reason, while he admires the American drawing-room car, he has not yet adopted it, but sticks to his compartment "carriage," in spite of the startling crimes which have now and then demonstrated its perilousness.

Apropos of this exclusiveness, even the "tram-cars"—as the street-cars are called, the railway being the "tramway"—are divided into two portions, first-class and second-class, with fares to correspond.

To travel by railway in England is like passing through a continuous garden, the inclosed space on either side being kept by the company in a high state of cultivation. Does the road lead through a deep cut? The high embankments are covered with turf of a vivid green, gemmed with innumerable wild flowers—daisies, buttercups, bluebells, marigolds, scarlet poppies, tall foxgloves—all of which grow wild there, though with us some of them are garden-flowers—with here and there a bush of "broom," all golden with its yellow blossoms—the *Plantagenets*, which, as the emblem of the Plantagenets, so long dominated the history of England. In other places the level strips on either side are planted with well-cared-for cab-bages or turnips. In others, particularly in the fen country, wide ditches, running parallel with the rails, drain off the superfluous water. At every country station are lovely beds of cultivated flowers, in fanciful shapes, cut in the grassy turf; with, in some cases, the name of the station spelled out in white pansies or other low-growing plants.

One other peculiarity in the British railway system I must not forget to mention. On every one of the principal routes there is a hotel (usually bearing the same name) at its terminus, belonging to the company and run by it, for the accommodation of those who travel by its trains. It is always so arranged that the traveler can pass from the hotel to the train, and *vice versa*, without going out of doors; which is very convenient in case of rain—especially in a pluviose country like Great Britain, where it rains on very slight provocation.

I. MACFARLANE.

The Woman-heart.

SHE said, her high soul in her lifted gaze,
"Be happy, dear! May all sweet blessings crown
Your life, apart from mine. Oh, may she prove,
Whom you have chosen, worthy your heart's love,
Faithful and tender, as I would have been.
Whether you may remember or forget
The brief, sweet hour of joy we two have known,
Be happy! That is all my spirit prays."
But when (the changing years had rolled between)
They met once more, and she beheld his face,
Care-lined and sad, as from heart-wearing pain,
And saw, within his eyes, deep, mute regret,
Love, and wild longing for love's dear lost grace,
"Has he, too, suffered through the lonely days?"
Smiling, the tears between, she bowed her head,
("Forgive me, God!") Oh, I am glad!" she said.
MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

The Great College Boat-race at Poughkeepsie.

THE Harvard-Cornell-Columbia-University of Pennsylvania boat-race at Poughkeepsie, June 30th, promises to be a memorable affair in the history of intercollegiate rowing. Last year Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania contested for the first time at Poughkeepsie, attracting thousands of sport-loving people, who viewed the race either from boats or the observation-cars which ran along the tracks of the West Shore railroad. This year, with Harvard in the race, interest must necessarily become very general, and the crowds increased in numbers to such an extent that the most ample of accommodations must be severely taxed.

Altogether, a better place for a boat-race could hardly be conceived, yet much depends upon the management of the affair as regards keeping a clear course and restraining impatient followers in boats, to insure a successful conclusion.

The room required even for two shells to row free and unhampered must not necessarily be so great, but when it comes to doubling the number a course at least the width of seventy yards should be provided and maintained.

On account of the recently-passed law which gives to the revenue marine the power to keep the course clear, it is to be fairly assumed that all past disagreeable and dangerous crowding by excursion-boats and the like will not again be experienced.

But, from the very moment that the race was arranged the writer has had doubts of its success to all the parties directly concerned. With an entry-list of so many crews, unless the weather conditions should be absolutely perfect—that is, no wind and slack water—a lucky chance in the selection of position must give to the crew getting it a decided advantage.

Assume for the moment that the conditions are not perfect—for they seldom are. A strong

westerly breeze is blowing, and Cornell, by lot, has chosen the course nearest the west bank of the river. For the entire length of the course the west bank of the river rises to a bluff of such height that a westerly breeze sheers off its top and, striking the river about in the middle, leaves smooth water near the west shore. Thus, while Cornell starts out under the most favorable of conditions, Harvard, who, we will say, has the extreme east course, is buffeting a quartering wind and a nasty, choppy sea. Now, with the crews of Cornell and Harvard supposedly equal in point of rowing ability, the latter might just as well be at Cambridge so far as their chance of winning is concerned.

It might now be argued that the race be not started until the weather conditions become equal for all, but right here a snag is struck, and a snag of the kind most to be feared; for while Harvard and Columbia men might contend for an adjournment, Cornell and Pennsylvania might insist on the race being called. Thus a dispute would arise which could only result in breeding dissatisfaction and ill-feeling. And when ill-feeling enters into a boat-race its success is no longer possible.

However, it may so happen that every condition of wind and tide will be as agreeable to one as the other, and at the conclusion of the race the three vanquished will hail the victor as the victor by virtue of might alone; but if such should come to pass, the event will pass into history as a ninth-day wonder.

Without going into details concerning the make-ups of the crews—for the make-ups are so apt to change—it may be said that Pennsylvania will enter the race unduly handicapped by a decision of their faculty, which unseats several good men because of their being behind in their studies.

Harvard, under the careful coaching of George Mumford, appears to be rowing faster than any Crimson crew for several years past, while Columbia, with practically last year's winning crew again in the boat, should be doing faster work than ever. The Cornell crew is also rowing fast, and in the boat will be seated, for the most part, oarsmen who have had a great deal of experience in difficult contests.

The race is apt to lie between these three crews, leaving Pennsylvania out of the account, unless perchance the faculty reconsider their decision, but when it comes to giving reasons why a certain one of the three should win, the reasons are not forthcoming. Neither Columbia's victory of last year, Harvard's prominence, or the known work of Cornell supplies the necessary material.

Even were it possible to determine which is the best crew, it would not be safe to predict that the best crew would win, particularly in a race consisting of so many crews.

However, it is to be hoped that good weather will prevail, and the four crews get off together with an equal chance for one and all. In such an event the race will furnish a grand sight—one long to be remembered.

ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

One of the finest yacht-races ever witnessed about New York marked the annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club, Thursday, June 11th. The contesting boats were J. Roger Maxwell's *Emerald* and Clarence Postley's *Colonia*, once a prospective America's Cup defender.

Though the latter suffered defeat, the difference in time—less than two minutes—shows that the *Emerald* has much to fear later in the season, when the *Colonia's* sails begin to fit as they should.

During the past winter the *Colonia* was in the skilled hands of designer Carey Smith, who has succeeded in changing the mug-hunter into the finest-looking, if not the fastest, schooner of the year. In reaching, the *Colonia* showed herself the able craft she did as a sloop, and it is thought that her windward qualities will show improvement when everything is tuned up to concert pitch and Charlie Barr, her sailing-master, understands her more thoroughly.

The elapsed time of the *Emerald* was three hours, fifty minutes, and twenty-three seconds, and that of the *Colonia* three hours, fifty-one minutes, and fifty-eight seconds. To the outer mark the latter led the way, and to the yacht-sharps who watched the race from the New York Yacht Club's boat *Taurus* it looked as though better judgment at a critical point on the part of Mr. Maxwell alone would save his boat from defeat.

The wind blew fresh from the west-north-west, and both boats carried themselves handsomely; and it is safe to say that in future contests they will furnish more exciting sport than has been witnessed in yachting circles hereabouts for years.

THE "THIRTIES" RACE.

The *Colonia* and the *Emerald*, however, did not furnish all the sport in the regatta, for the "thirties," by their fine performances in the stiff wind, elicited any amount of enthusiasm.

(Continued on page 440.)



LADIES' NIGHT AT THE BROOKLYN WHIST CLUB.



NICHOLAS B. TRIST, THE AMERICAN
AUTHORITY ON WHIST.



HENRY JONES, LONDON, G. B., THE
"CAVENDISH" OF WHIST LITERATURE.

THE NATIONAL WHIST TOURNAMENT AT MANHATTAN BEACH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 433.]



THE 'VARSITY EIGHT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHICH WON FROM THE CRACK BOHEMIAN CREW ON DECORATION DAY.—*Photograph by J. H. Hare.*



THE CORNELL 'VARSITY CREW.—*Photograph by E. McGillivray.*



HARVARD 'VARSITY CREW.—*Photograph by Pach Brothers.*



COLUMBIA 'VARSITY CREW.—*Photograph by J. Burton.*

THE GREAT COLLEGE BOAT-RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, JUNE 20TH.—THE COMPETING CREWS.

A Leader among Men.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, June 5th, 1896.—“Yes, that is Sir John Millais, and if he had painted no other picture than ‘Bubbles’ his name would transcend history for that alone,” said a well-known London club-man, as we were passing the eminent painter on St. James Street, recently.

“And what has become of ‘Bubbles’?” I inquired.

“Why, it is in possession of Mr. Barratt. Go and see him, and tell me what you think of him,” he added, with a meaning wink.

Encouraged by this promising tip, and anxious to secure a real news-item in these uneventful times, I called on the distinguished gentleman a few days later. “Mr. Barratt will see you presently,” said a courteous secretary, as we passed a large counting-room filled with many busy minds, and into a sumptuous council-chamber, the chief ornament of which is an historic green table. Around this the shrewdest set of London merchants have deliberated under that master mind which has guided the destinies of Pears Soap Company for the past twenty-five years.



John Barratt
President of Pears

Now Mr. Barratt is remarkable in several respects; and in one especially his remarkable-ness is inexplicable. He has also a large business house in New York, and he spends a good many weeks of each year in that city; there is also a depot at Melbourne to control, and his friends seldom visit the Continent without meeting him somewhere there; he spends a lot of valuable time in club-life, in coaching, fishing, shooting, yachting, and entertaining, and yet he is always on hand amid the artistic surroundings of his offices in Oxford Street, and none of the details of the vast business conducted there escape his touch, though it may be added, for the sake of his friends, that none of them ever disturb his equanimity.

“Will you kindly tell me something of that famous picture, ‘Bubbles,’ in your possession?”

“Willingly,” he replied, and with that peculiar lucidity of style for which our own Dr. Depew has become famous, Mr. Barratt replied:

“Twenty-five years ago you could not have induced a painter of eminence to paint you a picture for a poster, not for love or money. Nowadays there are very few famous artists who would refuse such a commission.

“‘Bubbles,’ perhaps our very best advertisement of all, cost us one hundred thousand dollars to produce, over ten thousand dollars paid in addition for the picture itself. And if we printed the posters in anything but absolutely enormous quantities they would cost us twenty-five dollars apiece. As a proof of the merit of our reproduction, it is a fact that Sir John Millais has a copy framed and hung in his studio. It is, I should think, the best-known picture in the world. I cannot tell you how many scores of mothers have written to us to say that the little boy is the image of their own offspring; and I have known instances where it has been actually alleged that ‘our little boy’ was the original model. As a matter of fact, the actual sitter was the grandson of the artist. Except when lent to exhibitions, the picture is kept upon the premises here, and thousands of persons every year call to see it.

“In addition to the most liberal but always original methods of advertising, for which our house has become famous as incomparable in modern history,” he went on in that clear, terse, and perfectly convincing manner, “there is no English-speaking place in the world where our travelers do not call. In the United States

there is not a single village of over two hundred and fifty inhabitants where our representatives are unknown. We have sixty thousand iron advertisement plates out; and there is one at nearly every railway station in India, Africa, and Australia. And the English Army found us in evidence on the rocks at Suakin, and the navy finds us on the coast of New Zealand.

“Here is a curious incident reported from abroad. On one of the big Canadian rivers a raft, with men on board, broke loose while the owners were bathing. For a long time it was unheard of. Then hundreds of miles from the place where it had started, it was recovered, tenacious, and with nothing on board save a solitary cake of Pears’ soap.

“What do we spend a year in advertising? Well, six hundred thousand dollars is our record. Mr. Gladstone once gave us a free advertisement in ‘the House,’ and hence all over the world, for in search of a simile he quoted from Milton, ‘as thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa,’ or advertisements of Pears’ soap.”

By all odds one of the most clever minds in modern times, he is eminently fit by nature, and training, to direct the interests of one of England’s leading industries. There is something peculiarly fascinating in his practical turn for an American. In many respects he would fit New York as well as London. Democratic and affable to a degree, and eminently practical as well, he catches the situation “on the wing,” so to speak, and strikes from the shoulder. Nature, too, has favored him, as, indeed, she has England’s sons generally, with a fine presence and good health. A consistent life, the chief feature of which has been a well-defined purpose in view, or, as the Germans would say, “Zielbewusst,” he follows a well-matured line of practical ideas, which has raised him to eminence and affluence in the commercial world and in society everywhere.

Mr. Barratt has every reason to look back with satisfaction on a long day full of industry, and corresponding harvests. Circumstances, too, shaped by his master mind, have largely favored his ventures, yet he is as democratic as our own Dr. Depew, and a fast friend of our country. “I believe in America,” he said, “and if she could only be convinced that free trade is the best policy for her, as well, together with our own country we could avert any war on earth.” And Mr. Barratt kindly added: “Recollect, please, I am always agreeable to meet a member of the American press.”

C. FRANK DEWEY.

A Famous Artist.

The itinerant flow toward Europe is now at its apogee. Among the thousands inspired by this impulse there will be many youthful gourmands, who will make a bee-line for the Savoy Hotel, in London, chiefly because the most famous caterer of Europe, if not in the world, guides the destiny of its enviable culinary department.



MONS. ESCOFFIER.

What Edison, or a Huxley, is to science, a Tadmara to art, Mons. Escoffier is to the epicurean school. Bertrand was a great man; so were the famous chefs of Paris. Marguerys is still in existence, for that matter, and Laperoussé has not yet deteriorated. But the master of them all, whose effervescent genius gives new birth daily to startling creations, has elected London as his field where, in concert with the king of European hoteliers, Mons. Ritz, and his accomplished confrère, Mons. Eche-nard, he has enchanted the late Baron Hirsch, Albert Edward of Wales, the Duke d’Orleans, and a host of our own nabobs and best society. A well-known epicure of Paris, describing Mons. Escoffier’s “Nids d’hirondelles,” or *sup de chinoise*, recently said: “A single spoonful will lap the palate of Elysium, and while one drop of it remains on the tongue each other sense is eclipsed by voluptuous thrilling of the lingual nerve.”

The industry of this Parisian artist is surprising. In addition to his daily innovation required to hold captive Europe’s capricious gourmands, he finds time to write books on cooking, and is also a leading contributor to the standard publication of his profession. Others have attempted to copy his curriculum. From various parts of both continents chefs have come to the Savoy to consult this master and teacher, but none have succeeded in their imitations of him. French, Spanish, Italian, Austrian, Hungarian, Russian, German, Chinese, English and American dishes are prepared under his critical eye. “Our restaurant is a phantasmagoria; we cater to the individual, and each guest requires a different treatment,” he said to me recently, and the Savoy restaurant is a poem, indeed. It is an Oriental dream. Exotic plants, against an Egyptian background, with elastic, deferential waiters gliding softly about handsome ladies and gentlemen in full, or (h’m!) say, rather, in scant evening dress—under soothing, mu-ticolored, and picturesquely shaded lights—is a picture worth crossing the ocean to see.

And the master mind which fills the air with delightful aromas, and tickles the gourmand’s palate with epicurean delicacies, is a plain, unassuming, kind and genial French gentleman, of a retiring disposition, and exceedingly modest mien.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

From Uruguay

to Antwerp.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

ANTWERP, June 10th, 1896.—Unfortunately, medical science has been unable up to now to classify foods in their order of digestion, physiological experiments in this direction being so difficult to conduct; therefore our knowledge is, for the most part, approximate of its kind. The “gastronomic art,” as carried on to-day goes out of its way to place on the table the most indigestible of food, in quality and preparation. We commence our dinner with the most fatal dish—a strong, often indigestible soup, to be followed by fish, roast meats and fowl, with rich pastry and decayed cheese. Frequently we add raw fruits with iced wines, and lastly wash it down with “black” coffee. No wonder A. complains of pains in his chest, B. has the nightmare, C. is flatulent and has a bad taste in the mouth, and D. feels languid, nervous, depressed, etc.

“These common evils, and gradually increasing I regret to say on this continent as well,” said a leading professor of chemistry to me a few days ago, “can only be modified by the use of Liebig’s Beef Extract, not alone in the shape of beef-tea for invalids, but in its adoption as a preparatory course even for regular meals, as well as in the flavoring of various culinary preparations. I venture to say,” continued this authority on chemistry, “that every prominent cook in Europe uses Liebig’s Extract of Beef in some form or other”; and Mons. Escoffier, the most famous chef living, said “that no first-class restaurant could be without this remarkable preparation” and, according to his opinion, it should be an indispensable necessity in every household as well.

Now I am not writing to advertise Liebig’s Extracts of Beef, because I am thoroughly convinced that their specialty is known on every civilized spot on the commercial map of the world. But what is, perhaps, not so well known as it should be, is the fact that most people, not being chemists, readily believe the misleading statements of patent-food manufacturers, including juices, essences containing but a very small percentage of nourishment. Some of these are not only careless in its preparation but frequently employ cheap meats, often of a questionable quality. By this means they are enabled to support extravagant advertisements with little regard for the public good.

“It is singular to remark that only one of the largely advertised preparations of beef, over which so many thousands of pounds are spent for publicity’s sake every year,” says the *Chemist’s Monthly*, “contains all the proper elements of nutrition, and these latter have been added to it agreeably to chemical and scientific research, and this, too, to such an extent that it is now made to contain sixty-four per cent. of nutritious matter, while a number of similar brands contain from fifty to ninety per cent. of water.” The nutritious properties of Liebig’s Extract of Beef having been established by the most eminent scientist of our day, it is necessary to point also to the fact that their system includes a method of inspection which was introduced by the old Baron von Liebig, of undying fame, and by which the fine cattle selected from the most choice breeds graze on the salubrious fields along the River Plate, which produces the fine flavor of their meat. With such luxuriant grazing fields, and an unfailing supply of water, it is no wonder that the company’s cattle are always sleek. These natural sources are under the mastery supervision of a system the practice of which is as thorough as discipline in the Kaiser’s army. The reputation of Liebig’s Extract of Beef is considered so valuable that profits are really made subservient to quality and intrinsic worth, and the chemical analysis of each shipment from Antwerp is as strict as were the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

Said Mons. Escoffier, an acknowledged chemist and the king of chefs, to me recently: “Liebig’s Extract of Meats is not only to be recommended to every household and hotel, but it is also an indispensable necessity in traveling. The man or woman who comes in from a long tramp or journey in an exhausted condition will quickly feel recuperated if he or she will drink half a teaspoonful of the Extract dissolved in a cupful of water, and seasoned with salt. If a cracker be eaten with it, so much the better.” This noteworthy opinion is supported by a long list of testimonials and physicians in every quarter of the globe, recommending this particular brand for invalids, and the healthy, too.

The professions are so crowded to-day that conscience frequently surrenders to expediency, and competition does not hesitate to impose on a credulous public. Fortunately there are a few eminent firms, however, like Liebig’s, for instance, who value reputation above material gain, and are resolved at present, as they have been for a quarter of a century, on further improvements, if such be at all possible. The circumspection, unwavering attention, and fidelity in preparation throughout its various stages, and, above all, the minute inspection of cattle at the time of purchase and before the slaughter, leave nothing to be desired. Such faithful adherence to principle could not possibly remain without its well-merited success, and the information of this fact will serve the public, and let us hope, also inspire similar industries to emulate the honorable example of this exceptional firm; for in this ripe age of limitless competition, the fittest only can survive.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Amateur Athletics.

(Continued from page 438.)

James Stillman’s Wave won the race, leading from start to finish. Her victory showed in no uncertain way that her handler, Eddie Fish, son of Latham Fish, of international yacht-racing fame, is an amateur sailor rather than whom there are no better this side of the pond.

Eight of the thirty-footers sailed in the race, and all finished save three, to-wit: *Vaquero III.*, *Mai*, and *Hera*.

It was the consensus of opinion after the race that this new class is going to enjoy a huge success and furnish great sport throughout the season. Besides showing marked weatherly qualities, they proved themselves veritable skimmers of the sea.

A. T. Bull.

America’s Friend.

THE large numbers of American tourists about to visit Berlin’s great Industrial Fair this season will meet in the Kaiser’s capital the most zealous admirer of our country in Europe.

Captain Uhl, of Germany’s brave army, is not only the happy husband of an American wife, *née* Bechtel, of Staten Island, but he owns much and valuable estate, including that famous gem of a hotel—the Bristol—which is Berlin’s rendezvous for all that is high in office, society, and finance. Herr Uhl is a born



HERR UHL.

aristocrat. His ancestral tree traces back in an unbroken line to the sixteenth century, when some of his forefathers played a leading part in the fortunes of upper Bavaria.

A favorite with the court, as well as with most of continental aristocracy, he is never so happy as when entertaining well-bred Americans, with whom he loves to chat. There is scarcely a phase in our history foreign to this cosmopolitan. He will talk with you on the intricacies of a McKinley boom down to the impossibilities of a Democratic election, and interestingly, too. He has been the recipient of many compliments from the highest dignitaries on the continent, and Mr. Uhl on one of his famous chargers, cantering in the Thiergarten, is the envy of his Berlin confrères in the profession, most of whom are uneducated fellows, indeed.

And this is likely to be found out by those intending to visit Berlin this summer. There are few hotels, comparatively speaking, to be recommended as first-class in the Kaiser’s capital. Excepting the Bristol and the Grand Hotel de Rome, many tourists complain of dirty rooms, poor table, and inhospitable service. A large, barn-like, and desolate house near the central station, and several more of a similar class—all pretensions, but equally without merit—are scarcely ever re-visited by the same guest. As a clean bed and a square meal are the first requisite of an American traveler, it is necessary that an itinerant public should be cautioned in time.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

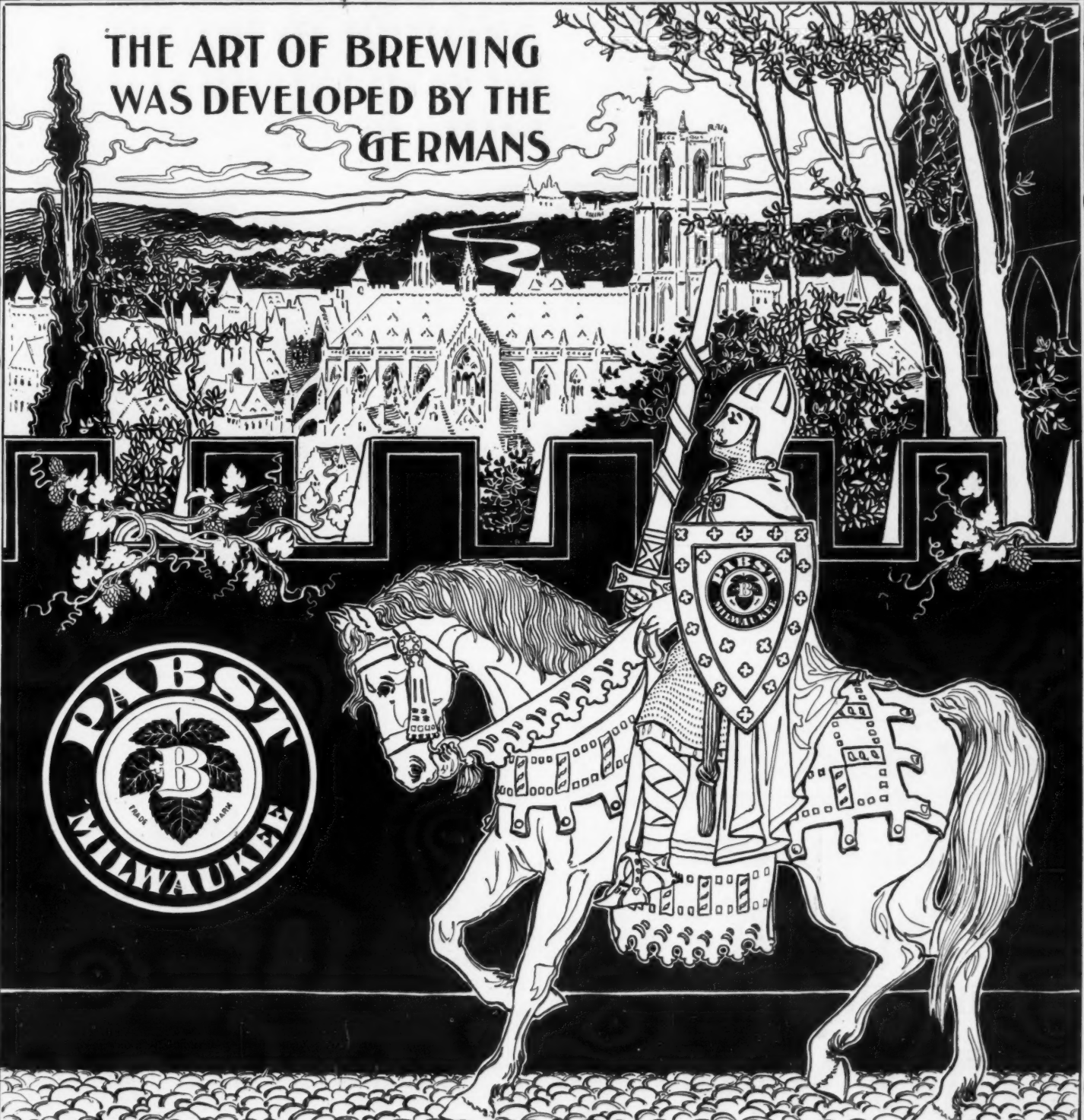
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

THE ART OF BREWING
WAS DEVELOPED BY THE
GERMANS



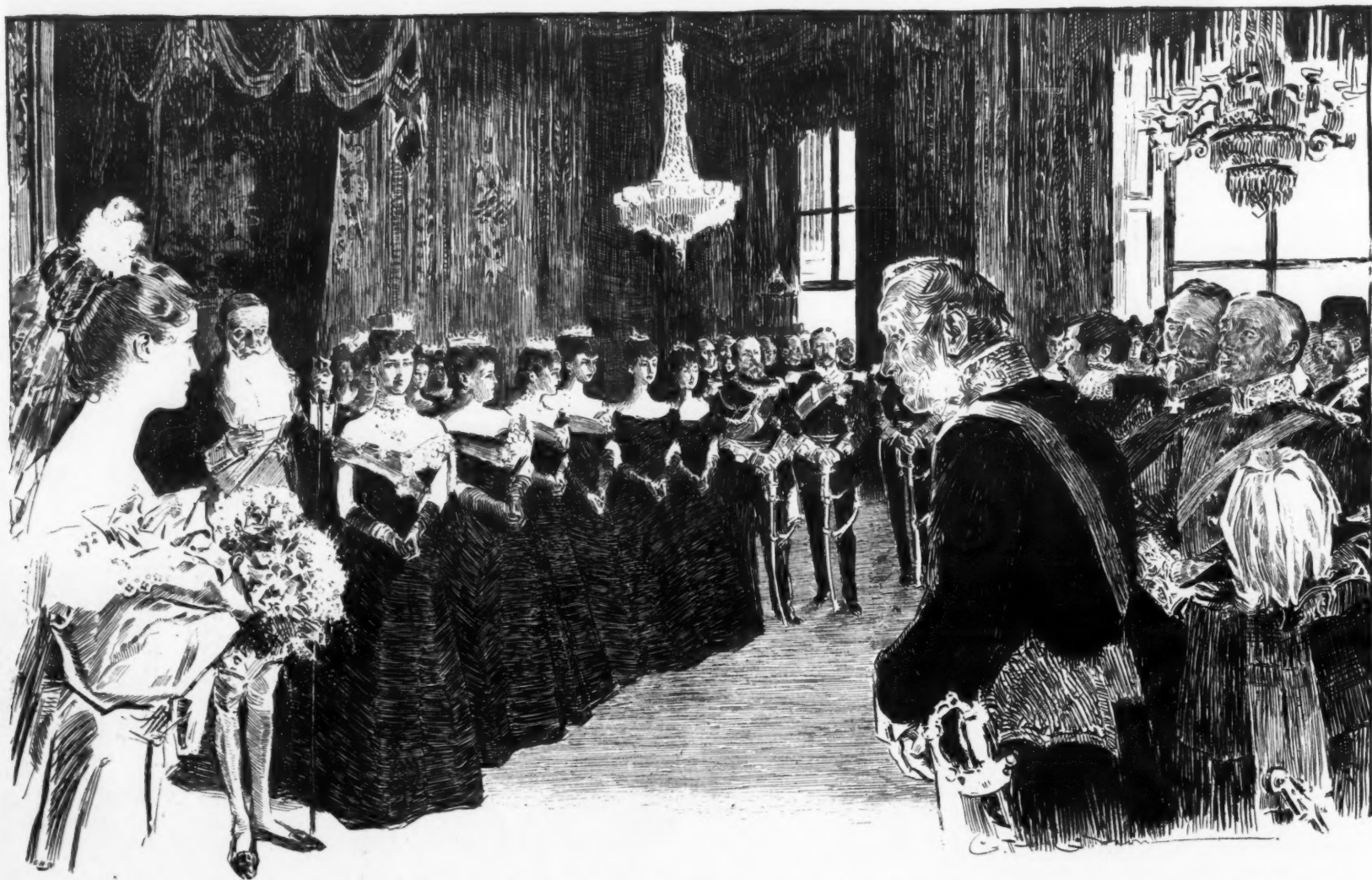
Languid?

EXHILARATION, enjoyment and effervescence of spirits are the laughter of the constitution. The liver, which sets the whole mechanism of man at work, at times becomes torpid; it is then that Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic, produces that healthful activity which reacts upon the whole system and gives a lifting, strengthening sensation, by seeking the place which needs it most. With its invigorating influence, and the blessed gift of slumber and mental balance, The "Best" Tonic gives courage for any undertaking, and obstacles will seem but a joyous test of energy. Take

Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO

BINNER
CHIC



AN AMERICAN DÉBUTANTE'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF ROYALTY—AT THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY C. DANA GIBSON.—*London Graphic*.

There is but one
BERNHARDT
and but one
PEARS' SOAP

BERNHARDT WRITES FROM
THE HOFFMAN HOUSE, NEW YORK
FEBRUARY, 22nd 1896 As Follows
"I have used PEAR'S SOAP
and find there's nothing in the
World so pleasing and satisfying
to me for toilet use. It is simply perfect"
Signed *Jacob Bernhardt*

She Says
"It is Simply
Perfect"

MADE BY
PEARS
IN GREAT BRITAIN



A Fair Country To Look Upon.

THAT traversed by trains of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R'y, along the picturesque south shore of Lake Erie, through the richest, fairest and most interesting portion of the Middle States.

Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Buffalo, New York, Boston, without change.

"Summer Tours," a beautiful illustrated book; also an illustrated descriptive book of Lake Chautauqua, sent on receipt of two 2-cent stamps to cover postage, by applying to



A. J. SMITH,
GEN. PASS. & TKT. AGT.,
CLEVELAND, O.

G. J. GRAMMER,
GEN. TRAFFIC MANAGER.

Do not fail to send for a free copy of our handsome new folder.
It's the latest work in this line and will interest you.

Send for "Judge's" Picture of McKinley (in Colors). Price, 10 Cents.

A PLEASANT DUTY

To protect your family by insuring your life

THE PRUDENTIAL



Assets over	-	-	-	-	-	\$15,780,000
Income	-	-	-	-	-	12,500,000
Surplus	-	-	-	-	-	3,300,000
Paid Policy-holders over	-	-	-	-	-	22,000,000

The Prudential insures the lives of Men, Women and Children, that the life of each may protect the others.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.

Prof. Mott says that his investigation of

Allcock's Porous Plaster

shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not found in any other plaster; also that he finds it superior to any other.

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"VIN MARIANI IS AN EXQUISITE WINE, A DELICIOUS REMEDY—PLEASANT TO THE TASTE AND BENEFICIAL TO THE ENTIRE SYSTEM."

COQUELIN.

Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, PARIS - 41 Bd Haussmann. LONDON - 229 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK. Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

Cast your Vote for ??????, and refresh with

Sozodont

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention L&S's and send three cents for postage. Address HALL & RUCKEL, New York City, Proprietors of Sozodont, Sozoderma Soap, Spalding's Glue, and other well-known preparations.



"Ball-Bearing" Bicycle Shoes

Make Slow Riders Go Fast

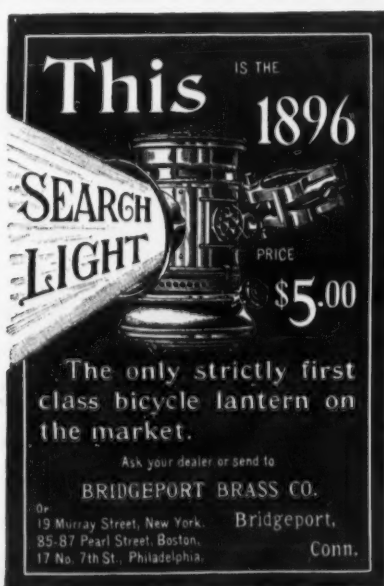
Made in many Styles—Men's—Ladies'—high or low-cut—Corrugated Soles. Pratt Lace Fasteners. No tying—no untying. Price—Black, \$3.00; Tan, \$3.50; Ladies' Covert Cloth Knee Boot, \$6.00. Ask your dealer for "Ball-Bearing" Shoes. If he hasn't them in stock, shoes will be sent, express paid, on receipt of price. See that Trade-Mark is stamped on heel. Booklet of many styles FREE!

C. H. FARGO & CO. (Makers), CHICAGO.



MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA
WATER

MATCHLESS
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET, OR BATH.



This IS THE 1896

SEARCH
LIGHT

PRICE
\$5.00

The only strictly first
class bicycle lantern on
the market.

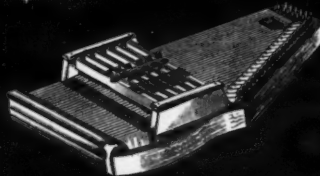
Ask your dealer or send to

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.

19 Murray Street, New York. Bridgeport,
85-87 Pearl Street, Boston.
17 No. 7th St., Philadelphia. Conn.

Send for Catalogue No. 45.

Style 6,
\$25.00.



AUTOHARP, STYLE No 6

The Autoharp

Easy to Play.
Easy to Buy.

This beautiful instrument has become the most popular of all our styles among people of musical taste. It has six chord-bars and ten shifters, permitting a very wide range of the best music to be executed upon it.

ALL MUSIC DEALERS sell this style, or we will send it prepaid on receipt of price—\$25.00. Full satisfaction guaranteed.

Write for our illustrated story, "How the Autoharp Captured the Family," with Catalogue, sent free.

ALFRED DOLGE & SON.

Dept. XI Dolge Building, New York.
Salesroom and Studios, 28 East 23d Street.

Fibre Chamois

The Ideal Interlining

Recommended and Used by

Sara Bernhardt

Lillian Russell

Mrs. Jenness Miller

Redfern

None Genuine Unless Stamped

Fibre Chamois

\$20,000

\$10,000 Life. \$10,000 Accident.

EXAMPLE.

Age, 35. Annual Premium, \$291.00.

THE TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY'S

INCREASING

WHOLE LIFE POLICY.

Good at the beginning and good at the end.

RESULTS GUARANTEED.

All Policies issued at age 35 for \$10,000 will on their 20th Anniversary be guaranteed a paid-up value of.....	\$8,740
Cash Surrender Value of.....	3,975
On the 30th Anniversary a paid-up value of.....	11,711
Cash Surrender Value of.....	6,592
On the 40th Anniversary a paid-up value of.....	13,143
Cash Surrender value of.....	8,930
On the 45th Anniversary a paid-up value of.....	15,303
Cash Surrender Value of.....	12,452
On the 50th Anniversary a paid-up value of.....	20,000
Cash Surrender Value of.....	17,000

No premiums required after age 65, and the values stated are absolute.

Premiums adjusted to ten, twenty, thirty, or forty payments as desired.

The policy is non-forfeitable and incontestable after the fifth anniversary, except for fraud. Paid-up and surrender values attached to each and every year after the third, for which the premium has been paid.

The policy will be accepted by the Company as a collateral after the fifth year for 75 per cent. of the reserve, either as a temporary or permanent loan.

On the 30th anniversary the policy can be made self-supporting for the full amount, and return annually thereafter \$94.00 in cash. Deferred until the 40th anniversary, in lieu of additions, the annual cash return above the premium charged will be \$508.

The policy is at any time after the 20th anniversary convertible into a life annuity, or an annuity certain for a fixed term. It gives a larger insurance at the beginning, and a larger guaranteed increase at the end, than any life policy ever issued for the same premium.

Until the 20th anniversary is reached, in case of death by EXTERNAL VIOLENCE, and ACCIDENTAL MEANS, the full sum of \$20,000 will be paid. Between the 20th and 30th anniversaries, \$24,000. Between the 30th and 40th, \$25,351. Between the 40th and 45th, \$26,768. The Accident Insurance ceases at age 65, and the premium is reduced \$50.00 per annum.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

HARTFORD, CONN. 140 Broadway, NEW YORK.

Arnold Constable & Co.

FASHIONABLE
FOULARDS.

Importations by latest steamers.

CANVAS GRENADINES,
MOHAIRS.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

WANTED—AN IDEA. Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1800 prize offer and list of 200 inventions wanted.

Of course it's imitated—anything good always is—that's endorsement, not a pleasant kind, but still endorsement. HIRE'S Root-beer is imitated.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 20c package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

ALONGSIDE THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Where can a more enjoyable trip be made than to the mountains of western North Carolina, reached by the Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, in a few hours' ride from the metropolis? The charming resorts of Asheville and others located in these glorious mountains are making their annual preparation for taking care of the large summer travel that seek a cool and pleasant trip during the hot days of summer. An attractive book giving description of hotel and boarding-house rates is now being distributed by the passenger department of the Southern Railway system upon application at 271 Broadway, New York.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION. REDUCED RATES TO CHICAGO VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

For the Democratic National Convention, to be held at Chicago, Illinois, July 7th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell, on July 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th, excursion tickets to Chicago and return at a single fare for the round trip.

These tickets will be good for return passage until July 12th, inclusive.

For specific rates, sleeping-car accommodations, and time-tables, apply to nearest ticket-agents.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the New York Condensed Milk Co., New York City.

THE Sohmer Piano is recognized by the music-loving public as one of the best in the world. Visit the warehouses, 149-155 East Fourteenth Street, before buying elsewhere.

Don't wait till you get sick. Keep the system toned up with Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters. All druggists.

Buy \$1.00 worth Dobbins's Floating-Borax Soap of your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. They will send you, free of charge, postage paid, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 256 pages, bound in cloth, profusely illustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

THE public knows Dr. Sieger's Angostura Bitters is the only genuine—no substitutes.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

EASY TO BUY AND MORE EASY TO PLAY.

To produce exquisite harmony is the aim which every master of the art of music endeavors to reach, but there is only one musical instrument which produces exquisite harmony no matter whose hands press the keys and sweep the strings. It is the celebrated Autoharp. The learned and skilled musician, as well as the amateur or beginner who has no technical knowledge of music whatsoever, is able to produce the sweetest chords on even the smallest of these wonderful instruments. The "Concert Grand" and the "Parlor Grand," as the two largest styles of Autoharps are called, may justly be regarded as a triumph of mechanical skill and musical knowledge.

Magnificent quarters have been engaged in No. 28 East Twenty-third Street, to be the home of the retail salesroom and studio, where an interested public may become acquainted with the possibilities of the Autoharp.

JURORS.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONER OF JURORS IN REGARD TO CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION FROM JURY DUTY.

Room 127, Stewart Building,
No. 280 Broadway, Third Floor,
New York, June 6th, 1906.

Claims for exemption from jury duty will be heard by me daily at my office, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.

Those entitled to exemption are clergymen, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, surgeon dentists, professors or teachers in a college, academy, or public school; editors, editorial writers or reporters of daily newspapers; licensed pharmacists or pharmacists actually engaged in their respective professions and not following any other calling; militiamen, policemen, and firemen; election officers; non-residents; and city employees and United States employees; officers of vessels making regular trips; licensed pilots actually following that calling; superintendents, conductors, and engineers of a railroad company other than a street railroad company; telegraph operators actually doing duty as such; Grand, Sheriff's, and Civil Court jurors; and persons physically incapable of performing jury duty by reason of severe sickness, deafness, or other physical disorder.

Those who have not answered as to their liability or proved permanent exemption will receive a "jury enrollment notice," requiring them to appear before me this year. Whether liable or not, such notices must be answered (in person, if possible), and at this office only, under severe penalties. If exempt, the party must bring proof of exemption; if liable, he must also answer in person, giving full and correct name, residence, etc., etc. No attention paid to letters.

All good citizens will aid the course of justice and secure reliable and respectable juries and equalize their duty by serving promptly when summoned, allowing their clerks or subordinates to serve, reporting to me any attempt at bribery or evasion, and suggesting names for enrollment. Persons between twenty-one and seventy years of age, summer absentees, persons temporarily ill, and United States jurors are not exempt.

Every man must attend to his own notice. It is a misdemeanor to give any jury paper to another to answer. It is also punishable by fine or imprisonment to give or receive any present or bribe, directly or indirectly, in relation to a jury service, or to withhold any paper or make any false statement, and every case will be fully prosecuted.

WILLIAM PLIMLEY,
Commissioner of Jurors.

Cayuga Lake House, SHELDRAKE, NEW YORK.

No Mosquitoes,
No Dampness,
No Malaria.

Curative Sulphur Springs, electric lights, elevator, orchestra; 200-acre farm in connection; good bicycling. For illustrated pamphlet.

DUDLEY S. PHINNY, Prop.

TRADE MARK

The Ypsilanti Trade Mark is stamped on every garment. Look at it now—look for it when you purchase

YPSILANTI Union Suits

For Gentlemen.

The perfection of health protective underwear. It fits so well you only know you have it on, because you are so comfortable. Endorsed by all physicians. Send for Catalogue and our new book entitled "Modern Underwear and How to Wear It." Free.

HAY & TODD MFG. CO.,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

There is no Substitute

Every card of the famous DeLONG Hooks and Eyes has on the face and back the words

See that

hump?



RICHARDSON & DeLONG Bros., Philadelphia.

Also makers of the CUPID Hair Pin.

You can injure the skin by use of harsh soaps—This soap is gentle, purifying, healing and sweetening to the skin, and has the cleaning properties which bring the glow of health.

CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP
(Persian Healing)

Sold by druggists. 10

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warehouses: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere (Lady and Gents.). Salary and commission. Only part of time required. INVESTOR, Room 30-31, 17 Broadway, N. Y.

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